

From the Independent.

SUMMER STUDIES.

TO A FRIEND WHO COMPLAINED THAT HE
COULD NOT STUDY IN JUNE.

WHY shouldst thou study in the month of June
In dusky books of Greek and Hebrew lore,
When the Great Teacher of all glorious things
Passes in hourly light before thy door?

There is a brighter book unrolling now;
Fair are its leaves as is the tree of heaven,
All veined, and dewed, and gemmed with won-
drous signs,
To which a healing, mystic power is given.

A thousand voices to its study call,
From the fair hill top, from the waterfall:
Where the bird singeth, and the yellow bee,
And the breeze talketh from the airy tree.

Now is that glorious resurrection time,
When all earth's buried beauties have new birth.
Behold the yearly miracle complete,
God hath created a new heaven and earth!

No tree that wants his joyful garment now,
No flower but hastes his bravery to don;
God bids thee to this marriage feast of joy,
Let thy soul put the wedding garment on.

All fringed with festal gold the barberry stands,
The ferns exultant clap their new-made wings,
The hemlock nestles broderies of fresh green,
And thousand bells of pearl the blueberry rings.

The long light fingers of the old white-pines
Do beckon thee into the flickering wood,
Where moving spots of light show mystic flowers,
And wavering music fills the dreamy hours.

Hast thou no time for all this wondrous show—
No thought to spare? Wilt thou forever be
With thy last-year's dry flower-stalk and dead
leaves,
And no new shoot or blossom on thy tree?

See how the pines push off their last-year's leaves,
And stretch beyond them with exultant bound;
The grass and flowers with living power o'er-grow
Their last-year's remnants on the greening
ground.

Wilt thou, then, all the wintry feelings keep,
The old dead routine of thy book-writ lore,
Nor deem that God can teach by one bright hour
What life hath never taught to thee before?

See what vast leisure, what unbounded rest,
Lie in the bending dome of the blue sky;
Ah! breathe that life-born languor from thy
breast,
And know once more a child's unreasoning joy.

DLXXXIV. LIVING AGE. VOL. X. 17

Cease, cease to think, and be content to be;
Swing safe at anchor in fair Nature's bay;
Reason no more, but o'er thy quiet soul
Let God's sweet teachings ripple their soft way.

Soar with the bird, and flutter with the leaf;
Dance with the seeded grass in fringy play;
Sail with the cloud; wave with the dreaming
pine,
And float with Nature all the live-long day.

Call not such hours an idle waste of life;
Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power;
It treasures, from the brooding of God's wings,
Strength to unfold the future tree and flower.

So shall it be with thee, if restful still
Thou rightly studiest in the summer hour;
Like a deep fountain which a brook doth fill,
Thy mind in seeming rest shall gather power.

And when the summer's glorious show is past,
Its miracles no longer charm thy sight,
The treasured riches of these thoughtful hours
Shall make thy wintry musings warm and
bright. H. B. S.

ANDOVER, JUNE 22.

VOICE OF THE OLD BELL.

It is the custom in New-England villages to
toll a bell for every death, with the number of
strokes indicating the age of the deceased.

DEAD AND GONE, dead and gone,
So the ancient bell doth moan;
In the belfry, to and fro,
Swinging with a motion slow,
It tolleth a lesson to every heart;
Ye who listen, make ready, for ye must depart.

Dead and gone, dead and gone,
So the ancient bell doth moan;
Swelling and circling, the mournful sound
Fills with its cadence the valley round,
It rises and floats on the air so still,
Then dies into silence along the hill.

Dead and gone, dead and gone,
So the ancient bell doth moan;
The farmer stayeth the shining plough,
The blacksmith pauses and wipes his brow,
And the merry child suspends his play,
To learn from the bell who hath died to-day.

Dead and gone, dead and gone,
So the ancient bell doth moan;
Sixteen strokes of the hammer old,
Tell of a youthful form grown cold,
Of withering blights in early bloom,
Of fond hearts grieving beside the tomb.

Dead and gone, dead and gone,
So the ancient bell doth moan ;
Seventy throbs of the hammer old,
Tell of an aged heart grown cold ;
His step was feeble — his pulse was slow,
He was lonely and weary, and glad to go !

Dead and gone, dead and gone,
So the ancient bell doth moan ;
It looks from the belfry all day on the grave —
Sees the snow-drift gather, the long grass wave :
And none lie down in the village tomb,
Till it chants its song of grief and gloom.

"Dead and gone, dead and gone —
Slumber they peacefully under the stone —
There the sun watches, and lingers the moon,
There rests my shadow — they are not alone."
Independent. M. E. M.

From The Churchman.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

WHY are the weak and aged left
So long on earth ? of all bereft,
Severed the dearest ties that bound,
Why do they cumber still the ground ?

'Tis that the bright and gay may see
Youth cannot last eternally ;
'Tis that full trust in God may shed
A halo round the hoary head.

And why by suffering and by woe,
On beds of languishing bowed low,
Linger out years of grief and pain,
Those who can no relief obtain ?

'Tis that the faith-illumined eye,
Upraised in trust to Him on high,
May show how far the soul can rise
From 'neath the blow that sanctifies.

And why, in Life's most glorious Spring,
Comes Death with chilling hand to fling
His blight — e'en in the brightest hour,
And pluck the loveliest, fairest flower ?

'Tis that the vacant place may show,
That nought is lasting here below ;
'Tis that the chords so sadly riven
May heal again with balm from Heaven.

And why on hopeful, trusting youth,
Come clouds of sober, earnest truth,
And lonely hours, which sadly press
Upon the heart they're sent to bless ?

'Tis not by happiness alone,
We're brought to worship at His throne
Whose wisdom guideth all aright,
Who watcheth in the darkest night.

Then trust in Him, and bow thy head
In reverence to His holy will :
His love hath many mercies shed —

When sorrow comes, O ! trust Him still,
And humbly 'neath the chast'ning rod
Bow to thy Saviour and thy God.
Baltimore, June 18th, 1855. A. N. B.

Address of an Englishwoman to the Americans of the United States on their reported want of sympathy.

"AM I my brother's keeper ?" says the New
World to the Old ;
It cannot be — it cannot be your heart has grown
so cold,
That ye will hear, without one sigh, the dirge
across the wave
For England's bravest sons who found on east-
ern shores a grave.

Has every drop of Saxon blood been chas'd from
out your veins ?
Are not our ancient glories yours, altho' ye spurn'd
our chains ?
E'en then ye prov'd one Ancestry — a kindred
bond of yore —
With these bold men of Runnymede, who Free-
dom's Charter bore.

O by that name, by every field our noble fathers
won,
Ere yet your fearless bark of Faith had sought
the western sun,
Disown not now the common cause, betray it not
to Might,
Nor dare to show a Neutral flag when Wrong
contends with Right.

Examiner, 16 June.

"We are indebted to an esteemed friend," says
the editor of the Knickerbocker, in the July
number, "for the following beautiful 'Eastern
Allegory.' It is from the pen of the lady of Mr.
Sparks, the eminent American historian."

THE RECORDING ANGELS.

Two Angels dear on every soul attend,
And watch with patient waiting, on each hand ;
One with soft eye of hope, and one of fear ;
And both, with love intense, a golden record
bear.

And when that precious soul with love doth
glow,

Those loving eyes with holy lustre shine ;
Then doth the right-hand Angel whisper low,
" 'Tis ours for ever !" and with seal divine
Confirms the good, for Good can ne'er decay,
But all immortal, wings to heaven its way.

But if Suspicion dark, or fearful Wrath,
Trouble the lustre of those sinless eyes,
The left-hand Angel of Man's darkened path
In weeping silence writes, and sad surprise ;
But holds unsealed still the golden line,
And on his hopeful brother leans awhile ;
For if that soul repent the heavens shall smile,
And swift that record fade in light divine ;
And only sorrow weep to leave so fair a shrine.

M. C. B.

CHAPTER V.—A CONFIDENCE.

SATURDAY morning arrived. Mrs. Lumley's birth-day festival was at an end, and Helen, compelled to the plebeian conveyance of an omnibus, left the luxurious associations of the past few days, and returned to her sober, dingy, and sorrowful home.

She was gloomy enough herself. She found the contrast between the two scenes ineffably painful. The London street was so close, unwholesome, and unclean; the appointments of the house itself appeared so sordid and so little tasteful. The very light that entered at the windows was dim, and of a different order from that which had shone upon the decorated apartments at Chiswick.

She entered the little back parlor. Some unusual confusion was visible here. The books were gathered together on the table, leaving the shelves bare; and large, legal-looking papers were scattered about, with pens and ink, as if recently referred to. With only a passing notice of all this, Helen sat down, dispiritedly, on the nearest chair, and languidly untied her bonnet strings. Little Grace running into the room, disturbed a sufficiently dismal reverie, which had nearly resulted in a flood of tears—tears of sheer despondency and egotistic unhappiness.

"Oh, sister Helen! I thought it was you, and I ran down-stairs to see," cried the little girl, kissing her, though with a face more serious than usual.

"Where is Anne? Take care, child, you're treading on my silk dress. And where is mamma?"

"They are both up-stairs in papa's room. Oh, we have all been so busy since yesterday morning you can't think. Do you know, Helen, we are going away?"

"Going away? What nonsense are you talking, Grace?"

"Indeed, sister, it is true. Anne will tell you so. Anne said to me and Albert this morning, that very soon she hoped we should be in the country. And not to Herne Bay, or Broadstairs, or anywhere that we have been before, but to quite a new place. It will be very nice, I think; don't you?"

Some reply was on Helen's lips, but it was checked by the entrance of Anne into the room. Had Helen been less self-engrossed than she was at this moment, she could not have failed to be struck with the appearance of her elder sister. In spite of a certain outward cheerfulness, Anne looked worn and almost haggard; with that peculiar expression of *disquietude* which is the characteristic accompaniment of troubles such as those by which she was now encompassed. To these worldly woes belong none of the refining elements of sorrow generally, and therefore, to solace them, never come

the intervals of peace, and of that serenity of sadness which even they who suffer most deeply sometimes know. These miseries are of the earth, earthy, and never rise beyond it or above it. It seems as if a special curse lay upon even the trials created by man, and by man's ordinances. The afflictions which come instant from God are hallowed, and we feel them to be so, if not under the first shock, or during the worst bitterness, *afterwards*, when, through the noise of the storm, we hear the divine voice saying, "It is I, be not afraid."

The sisters embraced—Anne with a loving glance at Helen, and a brief inquiry as to the pleasure she had had.

"Oh, don't talk of it; it's past, and I suppose I must drop down to the old humdrum existence again. The place looks more uncomfortable than I ever saw it, I think; everything seems so strewn about."

"Yes," rejoined Anne, gently; "we have been in much confusion since you left. Papa's illness—but thank Heaven! he is better—he is much better, Dr. Rogerson says. Oh, Helen, we can bear everything cheerfully, cannot we, now that worst anxiety is removed?"

"I don't know what you mean, Anne," said Helen, aroused, and almost alarmed by her earnest manner; "what has happened—what is to happen?"

Little Grace was despatched up-stairs on an errand, before the elder sister proceeded to answer her.

"Really, you are quite enough to frighten any one, with your mysterious look and awful manner," pursued Helen, peevishly.

"Dear, I am very sorry my look and manner should be so unfortunate," said Anne, with a sore effort at a smile, "for to frighten you is the very reverse of what I wish or intend. I must reassure you. What I have to tell is not terrible, and all the pain of it is now over, I trust. Papa's illness only brought his affairs to a crisis a little sooner. Mamma and I have consulted with Mr. Thorpe, and—and the furniture here is to be sold—and we are going to live in the country. Dr. Rogerson says, that entire change of air and scene is necessary to papa's health; this is the only way in which we can attain it for him. And we think, also that it is a wise arrangement in other respects."

"Live in the country!" was all Helen could repeat as Anne paused; "and where, then?"

"I have written to Mrs. Grant, to ask her if there is any place near Hillington that might suit us. Her answer will arrive, I hope, to-morrow, and if it is favourable, we shall leave London immediately, that the necessary preparations are made. The sooner my father can be removed into the country the better, the doctor says."

"To Hillington—near Mrs. Grant?" ejaculated Helen, still in the echoing mood, but this

time with a degree of nervousness, and a color that came and went quickly.

"Yes; we think it best to go where, without being generally known, we yet have friends. And the air of Hillington, which is situated near the coast, but not exactly upon it, is the best adapted for my father."

"And what—what does papa say to all this?"

"Oh, dear papa, with his love of London, is of course very unwilling to leave it. Nevertheless, he sees the necessity—the advisability, on all sides, of our doing so. But he declares that he will return, directly he has finished his book."

"So it is quite decided we are to go, and soon?"

"Quite. Everything, as far as is possible, is already arranged."

"And there will be a sale here?"

"Yes."

"How very unpleasant!" said Helen, with a little shudder. "I can't bear the idea. Everybody will hear of it, and there seems something so—so—I don't know exactly how to call it—almost shameful——"

"Nay, dear, nothing shameful," returned Anne, warmly; "nothing could be so, that my father thought it right to do. But surely you do not need such an assurance in this case."

"Oh, I know—of course—it is all proper enough. What I mean is, one loses *caste* by these kind of things. Although, as you say, it is nothing shameful in itself, many of our friends will feel ashamed of us in consequence."

"I am sure, then, that we can return the compliment, and feel very heartily ashamed of them," said Ann., blushing, as her thoughts instinctively leaped to one friend, above the rest, of whose sympathy and earnest approbation she felt sure.

"It isn't pleasant to be looked down upon," observed Helen, gloomily.

"It rests with and in ourselves, not with other people, whether *that* shall ever be," said Anne, proudly; "extraneous circumstances may affect our position in *society*, but we must be false to ourselves, and to a diviner stand of right and wrong than is conventionally current, before we can be really degraded. Nothing but disgrace is shameful; we may reserve our blushes for the dishonest and the untrue. Therefore, if we begged for crusts to-morrow among men, we should still rank with the highest before Heaven."

"Well, I hope people will see it in that light," said Helen, with but a vague comprehension of her sister's meaning; "and, after all, as we are going away from London, it doesn't much signify what they think or say. We shall not be troubled by them;" and she sighed profoundly.

"Are you sorry to leave London?" asked Anne, noticing the sigh, and somewhat marveling thereat.

"Sorry? Yes—that is, no. I don't much care," returned Helen, rising abruptly from her chair, and folding her mantle, and smoothing her bonnet-strings; "it signifies very little to me whether we go away or remain here." And she sighed again, as she prepared to leave the room.

"One moment, dear Helen," said her sister, gently detaining her; "you will be as cheerful as you can before mamma and papa? They are both easily dispirited, you know, and we have all need of our liveliest energies just now. Don't let them think you sad or desponding."

"Ah, Anne, it's easy to talk," Helen replied, with a kind of calm superiority, "but if you knew, you wouldn't talk about being cheerful. I need all the consolation that a loving family—a happy home, could give me; and what do I find?"

There was an almost theatrical inflection in the tone with which she uttered these words, and turned away. Anne, with true womanly perception, although unconsciously recognizing the dramatic element in her sister's manner, could also see, and separate from it, the real dreariness which she was feeling. She sprang towards her, with words of loving sympathy, but Helen was now shedding tears too bitter, arising from a combination of feelings too utterly unexplainable, for the offered sympathy to be welcome. She escaped from the gentle embrace—gave no answer to the tender questionings—and ran swiftly up-stairs to her own room.

Anne remained, pondering gravely. It appeared that a new anxiety was to be added to the many already harassing the family. For Helen to be sad, for Helen, usually so gay, to become habitually depressed and cheerless, would, Anne knew, be a constant and heavy sorrow to both her father and mother. And Helen was not used to control or even to conceal her feelings. Whenever she was vexed, she became cross; if troubled, she wept, or at least looked miserable, more miserable perhaps, than she felt. On the other hand, if pleased, she was frank in her manifestation of pleasure, and her liveliness went far to communicate itself to all around her.

In the midst of Anne's ponderings and conjectures, her mother's voice summoned her to the sick room. Mr. Dynevor had just awakened from his morning's sleep, and the newspaper must be read aloud to him, as usual. Anne had proceeded with this duty for some time, when her mother, after a temporary absence from the room, reentered it with a face portentous of vexation, and consequently impending complainings.

"Indecision is the vulnerable heel of this Achilles of the state, and we are bound to protest against those who have as yet been fickle in everything but falsehood, constant to no charac-

teristic but inconstancy, and resolute only in a vacillation which promises to be as dangerously persistent as it is wilfully fatuous." Anne read, with suitable emphasis, and then paused to take breath, naturally exhausted in the cause of polysyllables.

Mrs. Dynevor took advantage of the interval, to whisper to her, "Anne what is the matter with your sister? I went to her door, and found it locked. I insisted on going in, and—she was crying—and with such a face! Eyes red and swollen. I never saw such a thing. What in the world has happened?"

"What is it? What are you talking about?" cried Mr. Dynevor, with true masculine impatience of whisperings.

"Nothing, nothing; I spoke to Anne," replied his wife; and with a significant glance at her daughter, she turned to another part of the room.

"I wish you would not be so mysterious," murmured the invalid; "it annoys me. Go on, Anne, to the next article."

Anne recommenced. But, added to her own anxiety, her mother's continual restless movements, and frequent looks towards her, disturbed her almost past endurance. Never had the pompous periods of the "leader" appeared so wordy, or its peroration so lengthy and wearisome. The end at last reached, she was thankful, indeed, to be released for the present from further exercise of voice and patience.

"I'm tired, now," said her father, "and doubtless you are so, too. When is Helen to be home? She ought to be here, to relieve you a little, at such a time as this. It appears to me that you are looking ill, Anne. You have been too much confined to the house these few days past, I'm afraid."

"Oh, papa, never mind. We shall all become quite robust and blooming when we are in the country," said Anne, cheerfully.

"Shall we?" he returned, with a lugubrious air. "Is it possible that anything besides birds and vegetables can live and flourish, while Regent Street and Pall Mall are beyond a half-hour's drive? No, Anne, I shall wither, deprived of my habitual gas-light; I shall droop and pine, removed from my native fog. You will see."

"I shall see you inspiring health and strength from the fresh, free air, and expanding like a flower under the bright, wholesome, country sunshine," said Anne as she arranged his pillows. "Oh, we shall be so happy in that pleasant little cottage we are to have. We will all be happy!" she repeated, trying to raise her own sinking courage by the repetition of the words.

Mrs. Dynevor, with angry haste, crossed the room, and beckoned her aside.

"I do wonder how you can be so unfeeling, Anne," she said, in uncontrollable bitterness, "talking about *happiness* when your poor sister

seems ready to break her heart. It is all very well for you, no doubt. You know your own affairs—they are satisfactory enough, I daresay. But you might have some consideration for those who are less fortunate; that is all I have to say."

And highly admiring her own eloquence, Mrs. Dynevor turned to stir the fire with a vigorous emphasis, that afforded a safe outlet for her indignation. Anne's spirit was already too much depressed to rise under the injustice; it only wounded her to tears, and fearing her father should observe them, she left the room.

"Anne looks pale, poor child," remarked Mr. Dynevor as the door closed upon her. "And the brightness we observed a week or two ago, has now quite left her face. It is no wonder, though; she has had much to try her."

His wife knocked a huge lump of coal to pieces, speechlessly.

"Nevertheless, through all her anxiety (and Heaven knows she has had enough!), I have been thankful to notice a sort of underlying peace and serenity, such as I never perceived in her before, even when our troubles have been less grave than now."

"You observe every change in Anne's face, I do believe," said Mrs. Dynevor impatiently, yet with a certain relenting of visage, notwithstanding.

"Yes. I am anxious over her—and anxiety makes us watchful. She is a good child, Mary. She has been a comfort in our sorrows—a helper in our cares. I don't know what we should have done without Anne."

"It is true," murmured his wife, in a subdued tone.

Poor Mrs. Dynevor! A mind imperfectly regulated, rather than absolutely faulty in itself, was the origin of most of her mistakes and shortcomings. The right chord struck, her feelings were not so falsely strung as to fail to answer to it, cold, unjust, and even callous as her irritable and fretful temperament too frequently caused her to appear. Thus, her husband's judicious words recalled to her many instances of her elder daughter's goodness, and thoughtfulness, and unwearying patience, during the last two or three trying days; instances, which, from their very frequency, had become so much a matter of course as to pass unnoticed.

"Yes, it is true," she said again. "I don't know what we should have done without Anne." And she subsided into silence; an instinctive sense causing even her complainings, usually so garrulous, to be dumb on the subject of Helen.

Anne, knowing that the usual refuge of her bedroom was already occupied by the mysterious distress of her sister, had carried her own tears down-stairs, where inevitable employment soon dried them. There was a catalogue to be made of the articles they intended carrying with them into the country—Grace's writing

lesson was to be seen to—and beef-tea for the patient up-stairs to be prepared. In these various occupations the time passed quickly; and—let those who never tried the experiment nevertheless believe in its truth—it is impossible to be greatly depressed, while we are actively busy in the performance of duties, be they large or small. Passive endurance, or idle indulgence of sorrow, are alike fatal to the health of the soul they corrode; and the rare cases where the former is all that is left to the sufferer, are the most forlorn and pitiable of all. But they are rare indeed, for duties surround us like a moral atmosphere. Where is the life, however sorrowful, however lonely, which is wholly without them?

So, while Anne found peace, Helen, in paroxysms of restless discontent, alternating with sullen and silent gloom, passed the greater part of the day locked in her chamber, refusing admission alike to the repeated claims of her mother and the gentle entreaties of Anne.

Evening was come on—the children were at play in the garden, and Anne was working by the window, and thinking—and thinking that another day was nearly passed, and the wished-for step had not drawn nigh—the well-known, well-loved voice had not greeted her ears. Nay, she had not expected it; she was not *disappointed*. But it would have been pleasant had the long dreary day been sweetened by but one moment of his presence. And it was nearly a fortnight since she had seen him, or even heard of him, save for trivial, occasional tidings. And Helen—Helen who had seen him so recently—had said no word; and engrossed as she evidently was in her own sadness, it was impossible to ask questions, even at so safe a distance from those she longed to hear answered, as to escape all risk of detection.

Thinking thus, while her busy fingers continued to ply her needle in the fading light, Anne was startled by a slight rustling in the room, and turning round, saw that Helen had entered, and had thrown herself into a chair with a movement eloquent of hopeless dreariness.

Anne put down her work, and was at her side in a moment.

"Dear Helen, I am glad you have come down. Mamma has just been here—she is anxious about you."

"I have seen her," returned Helen in a low tone; "I have begged her to let me alone—to take no notice of me. And you—you must do the same."

A gentle kiss on the drooped forehead of the young girl was at first the only reply. Presently Anne added, "it is rather hard, dear, to us who love you, to see you sorrowful, and yet to 'take no notice.' It is more than hard—it is impossible. Don't you feel that it must be so?"

"I don't know—I can't tell," returned Helen, restlessly turning away from her; "I only feel that it is hardest of all to—to—suffer."

"To see our beloved suffer, is worse," said Anne, simply.

"Is it? Then I am very sorry for you, if you love me," cried Helen, with a harsh laugh; "you must be very unhappy. My misery is nothing to it—nothing."

She rose abruptly from her chair, and paced up and down the little room. Anne followed her, and although more than once repulsed, persistently kept her arm round her, in an embrace that was irresistibly controlling, the while it was most tender. She yielded to it at length. Stopping short in her vehement and rapid motion, she looked for one moment into her sister's sweet, sorrowful face, and then, flinging her arms round her, burst into a passion of tears—tears, in which regret, shame, disappointment, remorse, all had a share.

"Oh, Anne! help me—take care of me" was her instinctive and almost involuntary cry—"I am so miserable!"

And Helen truly *was* miserable, but from other causes than those she assigned, and would continue to assign, even to herself. The ingenuous, simple womanliness of Anne's character, which was so visible in her every look and tone, shamed the weak and erring younger sister, who, although unconscious of the full extent of the ill she had done, felt self-convicted of wrong, both in feeling, in thought, and in deed. Not in the innermost secrecy of her soul did she for one instant acknowledge to herself that miserable conviction; but it was there hideous although hidden, eloquent although dumb. All derelictions from the right bear this penalty about with them to those not already hardened; even the most wilful self-deceiver can never utterly ignore that dark consciousness—the existence of which is proved by the very efforts made to thrust it out of sight and of remembrance. Happy they who have no such secret chamber in their hearts—a sealed sepulchre, the entrance to which is avoided—fled past—shrunk from; as frightened children in the dark shrink from the closed room where death has been. But in the sensitiveness of the offender's conscience there is hope. There was something hopeful in Helen's exceeding wretchedness.

She had stepped from the broad elevation of truthful and straightforward rectitude, whereon alone a woman can tread securely, fearlessly and proudly. When a woman stoops to selfish plotting, be the *diplomacy* ever so apparently harmless, she forfeits the best and dearest of those womanly characteristics which are at once so beautiful and so powerful. For no true dignity remains in the soul which must perforce feel shame in its inmost communings with itself; and a simplicity as unsuspecting as it is pure—

a truth as frank as it is uncompromising, are qualities instinctive to feminine nature, the absence or destruction of which can be supplied by no others. One step descended in the scale of high *morale*, which it is, or should be, a woman's highest "mission" to preserve, is an intrinsic degradation to be compensated by no triumphs of intellect, however brilliant, however imposing. If she must be either one or the other, rather be a woman, a fool, than an *intrigante*; and oh, righteous mother! pray that your little daughter may grow up an idiot sooner than she should live to learn ready-lipped equivocation, and to tell a lie without blushing.

Helen at least was no practised manœvrer. But her first unpremeditated exclamation was not repeated. Even while Anne led her to a seat, and then hung over her in sympathy, none the less loving that it was silent, Helen essayed to recover herself. She dried her tears, no longer rested on her sister's supporting arm, and began to assume an aspect of resigned and melancholy composure.

"There—I will not be so foolish again," she said, finally.

"Are you sure it is foolish? Ah, Helen—dear sister—whatever is your trouble, let me know it—let me share it."

"Don't—don't. Leave me to myself."

"Such reserve is unnatural in you—unjust to me," Anne went on; "ever since we were little children, you have always come to me and told your griefs. You used to say no one soothed your sorrow as I could. Let me try now."

There was no answer to this; but Anne thought she detected a convulsive sob, and the slender figure of her sister shook as with suppressed emotion. But it was growing too dark to distinguish her face.

"Let me try!" said Anne again, laying her cool hands on the young girl's burning forehead. "Think that we are children once more—that you have come to me for consolation in some passing trouble. Do you remember when your bulfinch died! poisoned by the spider you gave him for food? Poor Helen how broken-hearted you were when you told me."

"And you gave me your own canary, to console me," said Helen, raising her head. There was a brief pause; then she laughed, a sharp timeless laugh, as she added impulsively and excitedly, as if scarce knowing or caring what she said, "I wonder you should seek the office of comforter, Anne. It cost you dear, you see, years ago."

"Nay, Helen; your peace could hardly be purchased too dearly," Anne replied, with a calm tenderness that insensibly soothed the passing feverish disturbance.

Helen did not speak, but bent her head again, and covered her face with her hands.

Anne slid down beside her; clasped her

round closely, firmly. The stubborn hands at length relaxed, fell, and Helen's weeping face hid itself on her sister's shoulder.

"Anne—oh, Anne!" she cried, amid sobs; "I am so unhappy! I can never be happy again."

"Do not say that. Take comfort."

"I cannot. I never had a trouble such as this. Oh, Anne—I do not know how to tell it—I cannot tell it, even to you!"

"You shall not, if it pains you," whispered Anne; "only if I could help—council you. If I could do you any good, Helen."

"No, no. There is nothing—nothing. It is so different —" Her broken words ceased abruptly. In a calm tone she said, "Anne, can you not guess?"

In her turn the elder sister was strangely agitated. But the thought was yet indistinct—unbodied—that made her tremble.

"You—you love somebody. Is it so?"

"That is not all." She hid her face again, and yielded herself anew to the loving arms that encircled her. "I love—hopelessly. He does not care for me, and he is gone away. I may never see him again."

"Ah!" Anne said—a brief, instinctive cry. The next instant, she hid herself for the egotistic apprehension. Was there but *one* in the world, whom never to see again would be anguish?

"He does not love me," Helen went on, restlessly breaking from Anne's embrace. It relaxed with singular readiness, although quite unconsciously to the elder sister, who only waited in a sick breathless agony of suspense. The young girl was quick to perceive, and to interpret.

"You despise me! You are ashamed of me!" she cried, impetuously, starting to her feet.

"No—no—no! Come to me—tell me all!"

Anne drew her back, and clasped her arms round her in a passion of self-reproach and generous love, which there could be no mistaking. Helen was satisfied, and with reason.

"There is no more to tell. Is it not enough?" she said, with fresh tears which fell on Anne's cheek, smiting them chillingly.

"And who —?" the words were just breathed—no more.

"Ah, you cannot fail to guess *that*. Who is there, but one, of all we know—whom not to see for months—for years—would cause me a single pang!"

"It is—it is Edward Grant!" cried Anne, in a strange frightened, fluttered tone. And for a moment she was possessed by the conviction. Only for a moment.

"Edward Grant!" Helen repeated, shrinking back with the sudden recollection, and an indescribable feeling at hearing the name thus uttered, and by her. "You—you mistake. How could you think that he—that I—when—when I had seen—known—Mr. Avarne!"

There was an utter silence for some moments.

"You don't say anything," said Helen timidly.

She was very calm and quiet now. A certain earnestness possessed her; she fully believed in the reality of all she had said and indicated. And truly she suffered. But ah, poor Anne! who gauged the extent of all heart-pangs by the keenness of her own.

She clasped her sister yet more closely; though trembling exceedingly, so that Helen could not but notice the unusual emotion. A sore struggle was passing in Anne's mind. Deep as was the misery of what she had just learned, there was an added anguish, a selfish one, as she was bitterly conscious. But oh, she felt so suddenly poor—left desolate—now that she knew he was no longer near her; that he was away, how far she could not tell; but were the distance great or small, there was no possibility of her seeing him—hearing his voice. It was as if the secretly hoarded treasure of her life had in an instant changed to withered leaves. Unhappy miser, whom the first shock of the loss seemed to have stunned.

"Do speak, Anne," entreated Helen, trying to look into her averted face; "you frighten me—you make me yet more unhappy."

"Oh, no, no! I will not, I will not!" cried Anne, roused by the apprehension. She remembered that her sister need not suspect the double misery she was enduring. One might be spared a part at least of the inevitable pain that awaited the other. Helen would not imagine, perhaps might never know! In the first bewildered abandonment of her grief and sympathy, Anne looked on that last possibility almost with contentment. Rapidly these thoughts passed through her mind; and the necessity of exertion rendered her calm. The duty of self-restraint placed itself before her, and Anne was used never to shrink from duties, however difficult, however painful. Thus, when next she spoke, it was nearly in her usual tone—quiet and clear.

"What can I say to you, dear? It is very, very hard. You are so young—you are not used to sorrow, my poor darling!"

"Anne, I feel ashamed. But is it—can it be wrong?"

"To love—a good man? Be proud, not ashamed!" cried the elder sister, with a sudden flash of the spirit inexplicable to her listener; "truly to love, is no shame; worthily to aspire, is no shame. If it be vainly—hopelessly, it is sad—it is blighting—it is desolate—but no shame!"

"Besides," hesitated Helen, "I—I thought he liked me—once."

There was no reply to this. She resumed—leaning her face to Anne's, and toying with her own unfastened curls of long, bright hair.

"He used to come so often. He always talk-

ed a good deal to me—and listened to my singing, and—and sometimes, Anne—he looked—I thought—as if—as if—"

She stopped for a moment, and the sentence remained uncompleted. But the shaft quivered in Anne's heart; ay, though she drew it forth, indignant at herself for being pierced, the wound was there, and throbbed as with a poisoned agony.

"Was it quite right in him, Anne, do you think?" Helen asked, desperately; self-deceived as much as deceiving—nay, more; and restlessly craving solace for the vanity to which already so much had been sacrificed.

"We cannot—we should not judge," was Anne's murmured reply.

"You give me no consolation," said Helen, sighing; "but indeed I hoped—I expected none."

"Would it console you to believe him unworthy?" asked her sister, wonderingly.

"I don't know—I can't tell. Oh, Anne, I am so miserable. It seems to me as if anything would be better than this misery. Bear with me; pity me."

"I do, Helen. I do."

"Think—remember—that he is at this moment far away from me. I have nothing to hope for, perhaps I shall not even see him again for years. It is not likely he will soon again return to England, however events may happen."

"He has left England, then?"

"Yes. Did I not tell you? He has gone—"

The door opened—the two children came in from their play.

"Is that you, Anne?" cried Albert, his quick eyes penetrating the gloom of even the darkest corner of the room, where the sisters were; "when are we going to have tea? and here's the fire gone out, I do think! Grace and I have been in the garden these two hours, and I can tell you we are very cold and hungry."

"Dreadfully cold and hungry," corroborated Grace, with a shiver. "It is seven o'clock. Please, sister Anne, let us have a fire, and tea."

"I am very sorry," said Anne, compelled to come forward to their aid; "it was careless of me to suffer the fire to get so low. But it is not quite out—it will soon burn up again," she added, stirring the sullen-looking coals into a small blaze as she spoke, "and, meanwhile, had you not better run down, both of you, to Rebecca—warm yourselves at her fire, and tell her to bring the tea? That will be the best plan."

"Why—if it isn't Helen!" exclaimed Albert, thus announcing the result of his furtive investigation of the mysterious-looking figure half concealed in the dimness. He rushed towards her with brotherly ardor, mingled with boyish curiosity. "Helen, how d'ye do? How have you enjoyed yourself? What's the matter?"

The final question of the triplet was not an unreasonable one, since Helen, for all answer to the two first, had pushed him from her; in the act revealing her face reddened and swollen with tears, and her hair hanging about it in disorder.

"Don't speak to Helen just now," said Anne, gently drawing him aside; "she is not well." And she led both the children to the door, with some difficulty evading Albert's busy questions, and Grace's wonderment. Then she went back to Helen.

"Dear, mamma will be coming down to tea, and the children will return, presently. Will you go up to our room, or stay here?"

"Oh, I can't be alone. I am miserable alone."

"Then you will make some effort to be composed, dear Helen? You will try to look and speak more like your usual self? For your own sake, as well as for mamma's, be as cheerful as you can."

"Cheerful! Oh, Anne," cried Helen, bitterly—reproachfully, "how can you expect—how can you ask—knowing as you do——? Well," she added, after a pause, with an air of meek resignation, "I'll try, as you say, to be cheerful. It is easy enough to *say*—it is very well for those who only look on——"

Anne could not hear the rest. Her unchanging sweetness only felt such unkindness to excuse and forgive it. She *knew*, she said to herself, how sorely her sister must suffer. She knew, also, that grief is ever hardest to bear while it is new, and we are not injured to it. Afterwards, the burden, sunk into its resting-place, ceases to chafe, and only subdues or crushes.

It was a dreary evening that followed. They sat in the invalid's room; the children charged to be quiet, and an unnatural restraint pervading, not only them, but all the party, excepting Mr. Dynevor. He was lively enough, and talked until he was fatigued, happily unobservant of the absent and preoccupied manner, the downcast looks, of more than one of his companions. Helen, at first, sat brooding over a book, which, as Albert by and by loudly announced, she had placed before her upside down. When thus accused, she laughed with an ostentatious attempt at merriment, which Anne quickly checked. The thoughtful elder sister then provided her with some needlework, over which she might reasonably be as still and silent as she chose, without provoking remark. Only her mother occasionally looked up at her favorite daughter, gazed intently at her for a minute, and then resumed her occupation with a heavy sigh. Anne had to answer all of her father's observations which needed reply, and, besides, felt constrained, even more than was needful perhaps, to endeavor in every possible way to divert his attention from the silence and sadness of her mother and sister.

Poor Anne! how gladly she welcomed the first indication that that weary evening was drawing to a close.

"What o'clock is it?" Mr. Dynevor asked, yawning. "I am sure it must be late—I'm so sleepy."

But, on consulting the timepiece, it proved to be only ten.

"Is it possible? I am sorry to have insinuated such an incivility to my companions. Helen, my dear, what hours did you keep at Chiswick?"

"I—I don't know. What did you say, papa?"

"You are *distracted*, I perceive. Is that the last new fashion among the brilliant circle you have just left?"

There was no reply. He resumed, in a sort of desultory spirit of banter, "A word in your ear, Helen. Don't trust too entirely in Mrs. Lumley's *ton*. I'm afraid it is somewhat apocryphal. She is not a woman of fashion yet, except by ambitious anticipation; just as a whiskerless young ensign, newly gazetted, is a general—in embryo. I merely speak in parental anxiety, to preserve you from the affliction of making a mistake in such a vitally important matter. Do you know, I think you may dare to be natural—I think you may even venture to answer a question intelligibly, without much fear of violating *les bienséances*."

Helen, now engaged in lighting her candle, burned her fingers, an occurrence which might account for the expression of mingled anger and distress that her face had assumed. Anne came to the rescue.

"Dear papa," said she, smiling, "your question is enveloped in such a cloud of sarcasm, that it is almost unrecognizable. I don't wonder at Helen's bewilderment. Have you hurt yourself much, dear?" she added, turning to her sister, and, at the same time, screening her from the invalid's sharp scrutiny. "Haden't you better run up-stairs, and put your hand in cold water?"

"No—yes—I think——" stammered Helen, by this time drowned in tears, the usual issue with her of any conflict of feeling. Her want of self-control was so absolute, that it was vain to attempt assisting her in maintaining a show of composure. She bade a hasty good-night to her father and mother, and then escaped from the room.

Mr. Dynevor looked infinitely annoyed. "Helen's taste of gaiety has not rendered her very mirthful, apparently. The homœopathic principle holds good with her, it would seem. What is the matter with her?"

"How can you be so unfeeling?" his wife began, in a torrent of tearful reproach.

Anne entreated her silence—fortunately with success.

"Poor Helen is thoroughly tired," she then

explained to her father; "she is not at all well, papa. I assure you it was a great effort for her to sit up at all, this evening. She is quite worn out."

"With dancing—with talking—or with what?" inquired Mr. Dynevor, half ironically, but in a softened tone, notwithstanding. "These sort of ailments would really form an interesting study. I'm afraid there's no cure for them, except patience and good-humor. But they are rare drugs—not easily procurable."

"Helen will supply the one, and you the other, papa," said Anne, with resolute cheerfulness, as she kissed him.

"Which—you must say which!" laughed her father, detaining her. "Look at me, and say—Ah, child!" his voice fell—his gaiety vanished. Anne could school her words—her tone—her manner, but not her face. It smote the father's heart to the core, when he saw the countenance perforce turned towards him. It was not that she was so pale, her eyes sunken, her lips livid. All this had been before. But he detected the absence of that inscrutable something, which had, hitherto, through all the pallor, shone out of that poor face, that was now trying to smile upon him to the last, in an effort at serenity more pathetic than tears.

His own eyes moistened as he looked, and then folded her in his arms. Anne dared not give way to the sobs which his tenderness caused to rise rebelliously in her throat. She dared not weep—natural and blessed as the relief would have been. So she gently released herself from his embrace, without speaking, and without suffering him to say more.

Her mother followed her from the room.

"Helen has gone. What is the matter with Helen. Is she ill?"

Anne gladly seized on the last question to answer, and satisfied her on the point.

"I must have a talk about it—I must speak to her," announced Mrs. Dynevor, with a decisive look.

"Not now—not to-night, dear mamma," cried Anne, alarmed; "she is so tired—so depressed. Indeed, it will be best to leave her quiet."

"I see how it is. I am to be shut out from my own daughter's confidence," said her mother, plaintively, as she turned away; "I am to know nothing, but be anxious, and ignorant, and silent—"

Anne interrupted her with an affectionate "good-night" kiss.

"I don't blame you, Anne," she went on, with subdued fretfulness; "I daresay you think it is all for the best. You had better go to your sister. I suppose you are in her confidence. You are happier than I am. Good-night."

Helen was lying down, as if in utter exhaustion, when Anne entered the room. In her long white dressing-gown, with her luxuriant

hair falling about her shoulders, she looked, at least, equally picturesque and miserable. Her sister paused, and gazed upon her fair face, with a feeling in which admiration involuntarily mingled with pity. Now that the transparent eyelids were closed, the well-formed features looked more than usually delicate and symmetrical; and there was something of the pathos belonging to a higher grade of beauty communicated to hers, by the contrast of its youth and its evident sadness.

She lay thus, still and silent, for a long time, taking no notice of Anne's gentle endeavors to arouse her. At length the elder girl remonstrated:—"Helen, dear Helen! It is not well for you to remain thus. Let us both go to rest quietly and gain strength if we can. Rise, dear. Speak to me."

Her entreaties, many times repeated, succeeded finally. Helen slowly unclosed her eyes, fixed them on her sister, and then again buried her face in the pillow.

"You are very cruel. Why cannot you allow me a little peace?"

"You shall have peace. Peace always comes—even to the unhappiest—where there has been no wrong. You are good and innocent, my sister Helen, therefore you need not ask in vain for peace."

She spoke thus, in raising her sister from her recumbent position. But Helen still turned away from her, deriving no comfort from her words.

"For my sake, if not for your own, arouse yourself, dear. This torpor unduly indulged is almost as bad, nay, worse, than positive, active despair. Neither is right. It is not right for you to give way thus."

There was a firmness in Anne's quiet tone that unconsciously influenced the weak girl. She rose in a sort of sullen submission.

No more was said. Anne tried to speak on ordinary subjects, once or twice, in order, if possible, to remove the wretched constraint she herself felt to be so undesirable; but, as she met with no encouragement from Helen, and received no answer but deep-drawn sighs, she soon gave up the effort—useless as painful—and relapsed into the silence which was indeed very welcome to her—ineffably sorrowful and apparently comfortless as her thoughts were.

Both the sisters were long wakeful, and Helen, at first, seemed very restless. But at length she submitted to the arm that sought to encircle her, and laid her head quietly upon her sister's breast.

"I think I shall sleep now, she said presently in a low voice.

Anne kissed her in silence, feeling an almost maternal instinct of tender compassion and protecting love rising to her heart, as she held her in her embrace.

"I wonder," whispered Helen again, after a

pause—"I wonder—I wish I knew—where he is now. Can he have arrived at Florence, do you think?"

"At Florence?" repeated her listener quickly. Did he go there?"

"I told you; you must have heard me say so. He started on Thursday morning—the very day I arrived at Mrs. Lumley's."

"It must have been a sudden journey," Anne faltered, and could say no more.

"Yes; he set off immediately, I only saw him for an instant. You know the doctor's letter gave but little hope of poor Mrs. Avarne."

"His mother! His mother—dying?"

"She is seriously ill; he seemed afraid. Oh, Anne, if you had seen his face! He must love his mother very much. I should like to know if she is better," said Helen, in a half-dreamy tone, which betokened growing sleepiness.

Anne could not answer. The knowledge of his sorrow overcame the brave spirit that would not succumb to griefs, however bitter, of its own. She could not even attempt a more than passive disguise or restraint. It was fortunate that Helen said no more, but soon fell into the usual sound sleep of youth and weariness combined. Anne had just strength to remain motionless—silent—almost breathless, it seemed, till then.

But then burying her face in her hands—she wept tears of intense passionate anguish, such as she had never shed in her whole life before.

CHAPTER VI.—UNREST

MORE dreary than ever was the aspect of the Dynevor household for many days following. Mr. Dynevor's convalescence was very slow—and very trying, not only to himself, but to all around him. The quiet virtues of patience and endurance are but rarely masculine; and his stock of both was exhausted almost as soon as it was drawn upon. The natural effect of the bonds of regimen upon his active and mercurial temperament, was a state of perpetual irritation. He was forbidden to write—to read—nay, even to think, were such a prohibition likely to be available. It was no marvel that he chafed under such a mental incarceration.

As for Helen, she passed her time either in reading poetry—the most lugubrious she could find in Byron or Lamartine—or in languidly moving about the house, a very complete incarnation of cheerlessness and melancholy. It was fortunate that her mother's numerous occupations and domestic anxieties, at this juncture, gave her little time for conjecturing or questioning respecting her favorite daughter's evident depression. Twenty times was she on the point of "insisting on an explanation of it all," when some appeal respecting the grocer's bill, or a flagrant instance of neglect in Rebecca, put it out of her mind for the time being. And

finally, she settled within herself to leave the matter alone, till they were quietly established in the country. There would be plenty of time for asking questions and hearing particulars, when they were once there.

For Anne, also, it was well that this was a period when it was necessary to exercise all energies, both mental and physical, to reduce to order the affairs of the family, domestic and otherwise, which, from long involvement, had become more than usually complicated. It was impossible for her father to be consulted on all those minor matters of detail, points which were incessantly recurring, wherein his advice and assistance would have been so invaluable. Anne had to think and act upon her own responsibility often, and she had need of her coolest decision, her steadiest judgment, and to be always prepared with both. She knew this, and strove earnestly and persistently, to acquire and retain strength, knowing how much depended on its possession.

Although she succeeded in the effort, it was at some cost. The least concerned spectator could not have failed to notice the haggardness her face began to wear, the uncertainty and heaviness of her step, and the almost utter prostration of her whole bearing, at times when the immediate demand upon her energies had ceased. Her father perceived it all with ineffable anxiety; even Mrs. Dynevor began to feel a species of dismayed apprehension.

"If you should be ill," she said to her sometimes, in a half-alarmed, half-injured tone, "I don't know what we should do."

"Don't be afraid, mamma," she would answer with a vigorous determination to shake off the lassitude and weariness which often bade fair to overpower her, "I shall not be ill. You see there is no time for it."

And a smile would end the discussion, a very faint show of cheerfulness sufficing to reassure Mrs. Dynevor.

Her husband was not so easily satisfied. He watched his elder daughter, while she was in his presence, with a vigilance that she soon detected and sought to guard against. Always straining every nerve to the point of self-possession and apparent ease as she was now, she was compelled to be more than ever careful before her father. It was a hard task, especially hard to one who, like Anne, felt an instinctive abhorrence of concealments and *seemings*, howsoever innocent and even advisable they might be. Her heart ached as sorely as her brain, when, night after night, among the sad and anxious thoughts which held her sleepless, she reflected on the long list of little hypocrisies which she had been constrained to enact throughout the day. Bitter was the reflection—but, alas! only one out of the many.

Albert, whose perceptions were always of the keenest and quickest, marvelled much to notice

that Anne, in the midst of all her absorbing occupations, invariably snatched a few quiet minutes every day to look into—the newspaper! Nothing caused her to forget this, or to suffer the usually neglected journal to leave the house without her previous inspection! What particular portion of it was so interesting to her, the boy for a long time could not conceive; or whether it was the political article—the literary notices—the fashionable intelligence, or (this last surmise he deemed a shrewd one) the shipping news. A very brief glance always seemed to content her; after which she would throw the paper aside, and turn away, thoughtfully, but as Albert heard once or twice, with a sort of half-sigh, as if of relief. His curiosity became irresistibly aroused, and one day, unobserved, he peeped over his eldest sister's shoulder, while she made her diurnal research. The result was duly communicated to Grace.

"The births, deaths, and marriages, the 'young ladies's corner'! that is what our Anne looks at every day! Isn't that queer? I can't make it out. Perhaps she is afraid Edward Grant is going to marry somebody else," gravely hazarded the young gentleman, fully impressed with the family hypothesis on that subject.

"Oh, Albert, how can you talk like that," cried Grace, with precocious feminine sensitiveness; "I'm sure I should hate him if I thought so. Wouldn't you?"

"I'd horsewhip him," sternly rejoined Albert; a summary mode of treatment which was probably suggested by his occupation—that of repairing the thong of an old riding-whip, with which he was accustomed to arm himself when he and Grace "played at a tournament."

An answer was promptly returned by Mrs. Grant to the inquiry respecting a cottage at Hillington. She was naturally delighted at the prospect of having her friends settled so near her, and set about "house-hunting" on their behalf with energy and determination. She found that there were two or three abodes vacant in and near the village; but one was too small, another too large, and about the third there was some difficulty with the landlord, who wished to let it only upon a long lease. As usual, the one least easily to be obtained was the most desirable. It seemed, indeed, from the description, to be in every respect what was required. It was small, to be sure, and sufficiently plain, both in its external appearance and internal arrangements; but then it had the necessary number of rooms, was charmingly situated, the windows commanded beautiful views, and it had appertaining to it a well-sized garden. To Anne the description was infinitely attractive. Oh, to obtain such a little nest of peace and repose! She yearned after its stillness and its calm as to a new and higher state of being.

Face to face with nature, the commonest cares would be transfigured, and she felt that she could meet sorrow itself as a veiled angel, and more clearly recognize, amid all its gloom, the informing divinity within.

No objections could be urged against Thornhill, as the place was named. Mrs. Dynevor only hoped it was dry; and being reassured upon that point, feared it might be infested with black-beetles and spiders. Anne, therefore, in her next letter to Mrs. Grant, added a postscript anent these insects. Helen, when appealed to, was chillingly indifferent to all considerations whatever. Mr. Dynevor sighed deeply, when he was consulted. He had hoped that a compromise might be effected, even yet, and that lodgings in the Vale of Health at Hampstead, or even a small villa in the Islington direction, might satisfy Dr. Rogerson and his own family, and prevent the melancholy necessity of going sixty miles from London. As this plan could not be entertained for a moment, however, he listened patiently to Mrs. Grant's letter; and thought Thornhill must be a nice place enough, though a house on the top of a hill, with no other houses at the back of it, and no "over the way" in front, would be desperately cold, he expected.

"How I shall miss the chemist's shop opposite my bedroom window, and the gas-lamp by the street door," he cried, in very sincere anticipatory regret; "even the policemen looking down the area! My dear Anne, I shall never survive the destruction of these familiar associations!"

"The rent is very low," cried Mrs. Dynevor, in a calculating tone, "and the taxes next to nothing. The only thing is, will the tiresome man take a yearly tenant?"

"We can but make him the offer through Mrs. Grant," observed Anne. "Mrs. Grant will be sure to arrange it for us, if possible. If he refuses, we must look elsewhere."

"We are not obliged to go to Hillington, or even to Sussex," rejoined her mother, "although it would be better, certainly. But we might go in some other direction."

"Kentish Town, for instance," suggested Mr. Dynevor, with gravity; "the air is very pure, and the country pretty—towards Highgate."

"Oh, Mrs. Grant will be sure to arrange the matter for us," concluded his wife; "she is so anxious for us to go to Hillington."

Nevertheless, it eventually appeared that Mrs. Grant's endeavors were not destined to prove successful. The landlord of Thornhill, whom she described as a rough, uncouth, obstinate old farmer, was determined not to let the house for less than three years; and the furniture, even in that case, must be purchased by the incoming tenant.

"This last difficulty rendered the matter hopeless. On the morning after their receipt

of the letter conveying these tidings, Anne sat down, in thorough perplexity, with a gazetteer and an "England Delineated" before her, in order to look for some other place where there might be a probability of finding "a new home." Mrs. Dynevor brought her work to the same little table, placed near the invalid's sofa, and assisted at the consultation by impartially interspersing lamentations, doubts, and propositions which she herself was the first to condemn as impracticable.

"Devonshire is the place; the very air for you, Edmund. When I was a child, I remember being taken to Ilfracombe. The loveliest scenery! See what it says about Ilfracombe, Anne. We might go there—except that it's out of the question, because of the long expensive journey. You see, that was the advantage of Hillington. The distance was comparatively small, and the travelling cheap. It is a thousand pities that we must give up Hillington."

"There are some pretty villages on the coast of Suffolk," said Anne, looking up from her volumes; "and if the air would suit papa—"

"Suffolk!" cried Mr. Dynevor, eager with objections, advanced half seriously, half in jest; "my dear child, the giants in old days used that part of the country as a skittle ground, and it retains all its characteristics to this hour. It has been ironed out a great deal smoother than Grace's pinafore, and isn't half so interesting."

"I believe the county is rather flat," admitted Anne, turning a fresh page.

"Flat! there is no word to express its flatness. You might skate all over the country, if it froze hard enough. They never catch anything but flat fish on the coast, I am told. Don't talk about Suffolk, Anne."

"You found fault with the hills a day or two ago, my dear," observed his wife; "you were afraid it would be so cold. I don't know how you are to be pleased."

"Oh, I can tell you," cried Mr. Dynevor, maliciously. And there followed an elaborate dissertation on the advantages of some suburban neighborhood, with hills on one side, and a series of park-like fields on the other, and omnibuses to the city every half-hour.

"Nonsense, Edmund; do be reasonable. What do you think of Wales? People can live very cheaply in Wales. But Dr. Rogerson said the Welsh coast would not suit you; so that won't do. But there was a place I thought of the other night, I forget the name. Helen, what was the name of the place the Pagets went to last autumn?"

The question had to be repeated, before Helen could detach her attention from her book sufficiently to give a coherent answer.

"Did you speak? Last autumn, did you say? The Pagets! Do you mean Jersey?" she uttered at length in a tone that would have better suited the recitation of the stanzas "*La nuit et mes soupirs*," which she was reading.

And while Mrs. Dynevor ran over the advantages of the island named, ending by setting forth the unhappy impossibility of getting to it—the long sea-passage—children, etc., etc., her husband addressed himself in serious, but somewhat querulous remonstrance to Helen.

"I hope, wherever we go, that those blue-and-buff paper-covered duodecimos will not accompany us. Helen, I wish you would study something more wholesome. French pastry is not less fit as sole aliment for the body, than French sentimentalism for the mind. Do take some honest roast-mutton, for a change."

Helen, with an ostentation of meekness, put aside her book, rose from her chair, and left the room, without speaking.

"You shouldn't talk like that to her," said Mrs. Dynevor; "can't you see she is not herself? And so, Anne, Jersey is out of the question."

"I am glad to learn, on good authority, that Helen is 'not herself,' observed her husband, restlessly; "I wish heartily that she would cease to support her present character. I don't like sentimental, nervous young women. I don't desire my daughter to grow mentally deformed with affectation."

"Oh, papa!" pleaded Anne, "don't misjudge Helen. Don't judge her at all, now. Remember she is so young."

"Youth is not an affliction, that it should be urged in palliation," began her father, with the persistent irascibility characteristic of a Briton and a convalescent; "I don't see —"

There was an opportune interruption. Rebecca entered; her gown dirty, her hair dusty, and her hands wet, such being the normal state of that domestic in the morning hours of the day. She held, unwrapped in her apron, between her finger and thumb, a card and a letter, both of which she delivered to her mistress, with a brief explanation.

"A gentleman in the drawing-room brought 'em."

"This letter is for you, Anne," said Mrs. Dynevor, handing the missive to her daughter.

"For me!" cried Anne eagerly. But what had she to expect—to hope? Her look fell—it was a strange hand; and she opened the letter almost mechanically.

"Who in the world is it? What does it mean?" went on her mother, giving herself up to the small perplexity with much enjoyment.

"I don't know this gentleman. Do you, Edmund? Do you know a Sir Charles Blackburn?"

Neither Mr. Dynevor, nor Anne recognized the name at the moment, though they had heard it before; and Anne read the two or three opening lines of the letter more than once, before she clearly comprehended their meaning, or could recall to her memory the "Hester Blackburn" whose distinct, firm signature appeared at the end of the page.

"It is Miss Blackburn whom I met with Mrs. Lumley," she said at last, and presently gave the letter to her father to read.

"HILLINGTON, April 10.

"MY DEAR MISS DYNEVOR,—I can scarcely hope that you share my vivid remembrance of the one occasion on which I met you, but I am not to be deterred from writing to you now, even by the prospective awkwardness of having to reintroduce myself. I heard from Mrs. Grant this evening, that she had just posted a letter to you, which would probably put an end to your plan of coming to reside at Hillington; which plan I then learned for the first time. She explained to me the difficulty about the house, and it is because I believe I can remove it (i. e. the difficulty), that I astonish you with this communication. Mr. Cramp, the impracticable farmer, is accessible to reason at rare periods, and under peculiar circumstances. I flatter myself I can take advantage of these favorable conditions the day after to-morrow, when he comes to negotiate about sundry acres of grass land he wishes to rent from me. I make my brother the bearer of this, as he goes to town by an early train, and will therefore be a quicker Mercury than the postman. I shall hope to hear from you on the following day; and I trust it will be to the effect that I may look forward to your family as new—"new neighbors."

I am, very sincerely yours,

HESTER BLACKBURN.

"P. S.—It occurs to me that you may possibly consider my interference in this matter somewhat officious, and arising from some hidden motive. Or, if you don't (and on second thoughts I believe you are too trustful), any one belonging to you who knows anything of the world, will. I therefore anticipate the verdict, and plead guilty at once. I know I have not the smallest right to interfere, and I confess that my motive in doing so is purely selfish. I should like you to come and live at Hillington. I covet agreeable neighbors. There's the truth."

This letter having been perused by Mr. and Mrs. Dynevor, a short consultation ensued. Anne was the first to remember the gentleman in waiting down-stairs. Mrs. Dynevor precipitately declined meeting him, unless Anne went also, and therefore the mother and daughter entered the little drawing-room together.

A gentleman who would have been called elderly, but for his evident determination to the contrary, rose from his seat, and greeted them with the easy courtesy which is one of the pleasanter military characteristics (and he was a military man). It was highly advantageous on the present occasion, as it succeeded in removing much of the inevitable stiffness and discomfort attendant on a first meeting of entire strangers.

Anne discovered a slight resemblance to Miss Blackburn, in the bronzed face before her, albeit

the features were bolder and less intellectual in their outline, and the eyes were not so expressive, and more frankly good-natured in their glance. A thick moustache also, in which was visible a sore struggle between grey hairs and brown, did not tend to increase the similarity between the two faces. Yet a certain likeness there was—of that sort which is so frequently inexplicable and indescribable, and only to be catalogued as "a family likeness." Such similitudes rarely extend to manner and conversation. It did not in this case. Nothing could be more different from Miss Blackburn's short, dry sentences, than her brother's well chosen phraseology, conveying ideas that, truth to tell, were inane and common-place enough. Tact and *savoir faire*, the result of intimate acquaintance with all varieties of life, stood in place of talent or wisdom, with Sir Charles Blackburn. It is a substitution which succeeds to a marvel, generally speaking, with a world of men and women who are too intent upon themselves to care to penetrate beneath the surface of the characters about them.

Ease of manner is never so well appreciated as by those who least possess it. Mrs. Dynevor was charmed with their visitor; her powers of conversation were not called upon for more than an occasional monosyllable of assent or interjection, and at the same time, Sir Charles Blackburn's air of courtesy and deference was too marked for her to feel a moment's insignificance. Anne was more difficult in her judgment. She had a woman's quick insight, which often amounts to intuition. She did not deem this new acquaintance unworthy, but she suspected him shallow. There was a good deal of military parade in his manner; she thought, courteous as it was, and in what he said, there was much of the military spangle and glitter, "signifying nothing;" for which Anne had an especial distaste. But a certain kind light in his eyes, in some measure attracted her, and prevented her impression from being utterly unfavorable. There was nothing mean or furtive in his countenance. He might be a man of many weaknesses, but neither malignant nor designing; one of the vast number whose claims to indulgence rest rather on the consideration of how much worse they might have been, than any more positive foundation of goodness.

Sir Charles Blackburn's gentle and deliberate flow of small-talk Anne began to think must certainly be drawing to an end; in fact, he had commenced telling some graceful bon-mot, in the lingering brilliance of which he would depart, like the heroine of a ballet in a radiance of pink fire. At the very brink of the climax there was an interruption—oh, most provoking vicissitude to the *raconteur*!—and it needed all his gallantry as a soldier, and his polite hypocrisy as a man of fashion, to enable him to comport himself as one who was delighted and

charmed, instead of annoyed to the last degree, as we may safely assert him to have been.

To Mrs. Dynevor's gratification, to Anne's unqualified amazement, Helen entered the room, saluted the visitor with an air which sufficiently betokened the pleasure she felt in renewing her slight previous acquaintance with him; and then seated herself, and with almost a return of her olden vivacity began to exchange remarks on various incidents connected with the day at Mrs. Lumley's Chiswick Villa where they had been guests together. Anne was at least as much startled as pleased at this sudden change in her sister, whom she had last seen in all the drooping melancholy, not to say sullenness, which for the last few days had characterized her. There was no sign of secret grief visible in her appearance or manner, as she talked with Sir Charles Blackburn. Her dress even, and the arrangement of her hair—much neglected during her period of despondency—bore marks of attention such as had not been bestowed on either, since she left Chiswick. Helen's symptoms of "being in love," exactly reversing those which Claudio deems so infallible in the case of Benedick. The smoothly disposed curls, told of recent brushing, and her collar had received the addition of a pale pink ribbon fastening it round the white throat, since Anne saw it last.

The interrupted *jeu d'esprit* forgotten, Sir Charles seemed by no means displeased at this addition to his fair companions. He was, of course, a connoisseur in beauty, and well appreciated Helen's undoubted attractions. Although she was not looking her best—for ten days' indulgence of dreariness and dismal brooding over "blue-and-yellow-covered duodecimos" do not tend to improve the appearance—she was quite sufficiently attractive to justify admiration. The visitor found it an agreeable change from Mrs. Dynevor's *passé* handsomeness, and Anne's pale, almost attenuated features, to gaze on Helen's fair face. Moreover, he felt, perhaps, that his graceful attentions met with a more congenial reception, when bestowed on the younger girl. It did not need great penetration to discover the pleasure Helen received in inhaling the sort of incense he offered—an incense intoxicating to the vanity, poisonous to the purity and artlessness of the nature into which it penetrates. Love of admiration, pardonable enough, innocent enough in its earlier stage, soon ceases to be either. Growing by what it feeds on, there are few noxious weeds which more surely and rapidly overspread and choke up other and worthier growths of the soul.

It seemed that the visitor was unwilling to leave the three ladies. Anne had long wished he would go, and even Mrs. Dynevor began to fidget herself about a certain stew-pan up-stairs, which she had left "simmering" on the hob of the bedroom fire, and the contents of which she

feared would dry up or burn, or meet with some such culinary disaster. She had almost resolved to escape from the room for a minute or two, when Sir Charles prevented the necessity, by rising, looking at his watch, and exclaiming on the rapid flight of time, endeavoring also to introduce a compliment which should be at once novel and graceful, to the society which had rendered him so oblivious. But originality was not his forte; he could repeat, but not invent. He could retreat, too, when necessary—a branch of military tactics which was made available on the present occasion. He slid from the attempted compliment into an eager question:—

"Was his sister's letter," to which he now alluded for the first time, "sufficiently explanatory? Might he hope that the next time he visited Sussex, he should have the privilege of renewing an acquaintance which," etc. etc.

"They should have the greatest pleasure," Mrs. Dynevor sincerely assured him, "in seeing him at any time. And I am sure," she added with a small sigh, "I wish it may be at Hillington. From all we hear, the place would suit us exactly. The air is recommended by the doctor, too, for Mr. Dynevor. That is the first consideration, of course."

"I was distressed to know of Mr. Dynevor's illness," observed the baronet, with a most plaintively sympathetic look and tone; "and the malady is one of the most trying of all. Is he still lame? The gout generally leaves its victim——"

Mrs. Dynevor elaborately explained his mistake; to which he replied by a yet more elaborate counter explanation, which waxed somewhat prosy before he could persuade himself to leave it.

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Dynevor rejoined by exclaiming, "the gout would be worse than all! I hope," she added, with a benignant look at her visitor, "that you are not a sufferer from it?"

Sir Charles Blackburn was elderly enough to feel sensitive on all personal points; he was vain, and especially vain of his activity and generally youthful appearance. He was therefore not gratified by the matron's kindly-intentioned inquiry, to which he replied with an unconsciously earnest denial, and a smile that vainly endeavored to be unconcerned. He wished internally that he did not at the moment hold within his grasp the very handsome gold-headed cane which it was his habit—a mere habit—to walk with. However, that being past remedy, he could only flourish his staff-like appendage as carelessly as he might, while finally making his adieux.

And he departed—Mrs. Dynevor running up-stairs as the street-door closed upon him, leaving the sisters together. There ensued a somewhat constrained silence between them,

till a pang of generous self-reproach caused Anne to rise from her seat, and draw near the young girl whose cheek was yet flushed with pleasurable excitement, and whose eyes were shining as they had not shown for long before.

"Dear Helen, you look better—brighter. I am glad."

She did not answer immediately. Her vivacity had vanished, though the traces of it remained. Anne's embrace was only suffered, not returned.

"Yes," she said at length; "it is right to endeavor to be gay and cheerful, and not to think more than I can help, of sad things. I will try and drive them from my mind."

"I scarcely like to hear of 'driving away a sorrow,'" Anne said, gently; "it is often—always, perhaps, could we but know, an angel that comes to us 'unawares.'"

"What do you mean? I don't know what you mean," cried Helen, fretfully. "I am sure you said the other day it was not right to indulge sorrow."

"Nay, dear, but we may endure and learn from sorrow, without indulging it. It is the test of our strength as of our ignorance. It tries—but then it teaches."

"It has taught me," said Helen, rising with grave dignity; "I am years older than I was a month ago," she declared; "my experience—my suffering—oh, Anne! you talk of sorrow. May you never feel as I have felt."

And, thoroughly impressed with the belief in her unique position of trial and wo, Helen ceased speaking, with a sob, and fled up-stairs.

A short correspondence between the Dynevors, Miss Blackburn, and Mr. Cramp the dogged, now become the accommodating and gracious, resulted in the taking of the little furnished cottage at Thornhill, and in consequent preparations for the immediate removal of the family to Hillington, leaving the house in London and its contents in the hands of lawyer and auctioneer. All the business arrangements were satisfactorily concluded. Those of a more domestic nature were no less satisfactorily progressing. There was a general air of contentment pervading them all, even in the midst of that scene of "confusion worse confounded," which every housewife recognizes as incidental to "a removal."

Mrs. Dynevor herself was no exception to the family serenity. She visibly brightened at the anticipation of having to organize an entirely new *ménage*; while Helen, since the visit of Sir Charles Blackburn, had "seriously inclined" to the idea of the new residence. Even Mr. Dynevor, with his usual philosophy, had reconciled himself to what now seemed not only advisable but inevitable. And for the two children—they were eager, with all the passionate enthusiasm of their years, for their country home

—real country, as Grace proudly announced. They were occupied from morning till night in their joyous prefiguration of the delights of fields to run about in, a garden to dig, and woods and lanes where they might play at hide-and-seek, or act battles or scenes out of Roman history. Their usual recreations were neglected; games in the back garden, now scornfully termed "the yard," were ignored; and St James's Park, to which Albert sometimes was permitted to escort his little sister, was gravely decided to be "all very well for London; but for his part he liked the country—right away out of the smoke. They might have all their fountains, and their water-fowl, and their nicely-kept shrubberies. Give him a wood—with nuts in it."

Anne, busiest of the busy, was continually appealed to and consulted in the course of these juvenile speculations. She had too vivid a remembrance of her own childhood, when a listener was such a dear delight, to refuse to them the meed of a little attention, or, if that were impossible, the show of it, at least.

"Sister Anne, Albert says we will have gardens of our own; and he is going to buy a little spade."

"Not so very little either," corrected Albert; "I shall cultivate the ground as Mr. Glennie recommends. I read an essay about it yesterday. I shall grow asparagus and sea-kail in the sandy soil, and Jerusalem artichokes and cucumbers. Don't you like cucumbers, Anne? Will you have one of my cucumbers?"

"Oh, indeed I will. Give me that parcel of books, Albert, please. Now I have to count them. Wait a minute."

The counting over, Albert impetuously resumed: "As for flowers—Grace will grow flowers, with my assistance; such moss-roses, and camelias, and snowdrops, and violets!" exulted he, in reckless disregard of seasons; "and won't we make beautiful bouquets for you and Helen when you go out to parties!"

"What nonsense! We shall not have any parties to go to," muttered Helen.

"Anne, do you think there will be fir-trees in the garden?" cried Albert again; "because I've a plan—about fir cones—"

"Oh, and a swing! Mayn't we have a swing?" pleaded little Grace. "Sister Anne, I do think if there is a swing I shall have everything I wish for in the world."

Anne smiled, half sadly though, as she stooped to kiss the bright, eager face lifted up to hers. There is so much pathos in a young child's "wishes"; such plaintive beauty in its joy, although it be over the simplest and most familiar thing. And the tiny voice, rising almost into a carol over the words, "Oh, I am so happy!" is surely the tenderest and most pathetic music upon earth.

"Anne, only think, in two days we shall be

there! This very day week we may go nutting, perhaps!"

While Anne was briefly explaining that even in the country nuts did not commonly ripen in the spring of the year, Mrs. Dynevor entered, in search of a hammer and nails.

"Helen, I wish you would come and help me pack the china. Anne, how can you find time to attend to those children? Run away, both of you! And oh, Anne, your father wishes you would go and pack his desk—under his inspection. He won't trust any one else. Pray go—Dear, dear me! Where is Rebecca? Has any one seen the little nails?"

And so forth—this kind of mosaic of remarks, demands, and interjections, being the constant accompaniment to Mrs. Dynevor's labors, and generally audible all over the house between the pauses of the various hammerings, and knockings, and other excited noises which resounded at frequent intervals.

In fact, it was a busy scene. The next morning but one was fixed for their departure, and several packages were to be sent off the next day. Confusion had reached very nearly its crisis in the Dynevor establishment. Carpets were up—chairs piled on one another—furniture covered with great squares of canvas; book-boxes lined the passage; the important china was in process of packing on the landing, where stood Mrs. Dynevor, sublime among hampers, straw, and shavings. That lady, in a dressing-gown, was well "balanced," as a painter would say, by Helen, in a very old and washed-out loose wrapper, who stood near to assist, ostensibly at least, in the important affairs then in progress. On this state of things, a thunder-bolt could scarcely have produced more sensation and dismay than did the loud double knock at the street-door, which presently, above all the internal din, made itself heard through the house.

There followed a general scamper from the landing, which was directly in view of the entrance passage. Mrs. Dynevor stopped halfway in her ascent of the stairs, leaned over the banister, and called to the servant in a sort of stage whisper:—

"Not at home, Rebecca! Or—you had better say we are all very much engaged—packing—removing. Now, who in the world can it be?" she added, turning to Helen. They both listened as the door was opened.

"Removing—going away?" repeated a surprised voice, that Helen instantly recognized as Mrs. Lumley's. "Dear me! I never heard—never supposed—Perhaps I could see one of the Miss Dynevors?"

A breathless summons from Helen had brought Anne from her father's room, and her employment of arranging papers, letters, and MSS. Anne was in a morning dress, as were the others; but then it was, as usual, fresh-look-

ing and neatly put on; and her dark hair was—also as usual—smoothly and gracefully arranged. Anne was presentable; Anne might see Mrs. Lumley; and Helen, with vague ideas of possible gaieties involved in the unexpected visit, eagerly entreated that she would do so.

Anne went down-stairs therefore, and was just in time to prevent the visitor's departure from the house; the stanch Rebecca having, it appeared, civilly but determinedly indicated that nobody was to be seen.

Anne contented herself with a brief and simple apology for the disordered scene into which she was compelled to conduct Mrs. Lumley. But that lady evidently took little heed of her environments. She was complainant in the highest degree, amiably seated herself upon a packing-case, till a chair could be made available, and while Anne drew up the blinds, and relieved the floor of a portion at least of its litter of nails, ropes, papers, and various *deceleras*, she showered, with her usual liberality, her smallest of small-talk, occasionally diversified by a question which she did not stop to hear answered, or a piece of news which, before it was disclosed, was forgotten in some fresh subject.

Anne began to wonder if this was the sole object of her somewhat untimely call, when at length something with a shape made itself visible, amid all the premonitory surroundment of mist.

"I am so glad to hear that Mr. Dynevor is better. In fact my visit was in the hope of hearing good news of him. Is he able to go out yet? No? You don't say so? That is truly unfortunate."

And for the first time Mrs. Lumley came to a full stop. Something almost like meditation appeared in her comely face. Anne hardly knew how to fill up the conversational gap thus made. To thank her for her sympathy might be premature; as indeed it proved.

"You know," she presently resumed, with a sudden burst of confidence, "we are getting up private theatricals; we are going to act 'The Rivals,' and the very last time Mr. Dynevor was at my house, he promised me to take the part of Captain Absolute. We quite depend upon him. Do you think he will be able to do it?"

"On the contrary, I see no possibility," replied Anne, with a half smile to herself. "My father will not leave his room till the day after to-morrow, and then we all leave London for Sussex."

"Really! For any length of time? I don't know what is to become of 'The Rivals.' It is really provoking. I have been learning my part in readiness, and I cannot think of another Captain Absolute, you see. Most of those likely to take the character are away just now. Mr. Levi-son is in the north somewhere; Major Blackburn—Sir Charles, I mean, but he has only just

succeeded to the title—has vanished from town; Mr. Avarne—ah, poor fellow!"

Mrs. Lumley looked really serious for a minute, while Anne sat and trembled. She did not dare to speak—to ask the question which it would have been so natural to ask.

"Oh, I have it!" cried the volatile lady, clapping her delicately-gloved hands together. "Captain Hamilton is the very man! What made me forget him, I wonder? To be sure, he only arrived in London yesterday morning. I must go home and write him a letter immediately. My dear Miss Dynevor, you will excuse a hurried departure, in consideration of the urgency of the case." And she really looked as important as if the fate of a world hung in the balance. "There is not a great deal of time to lose. The first rehearsal is next Monday. Will you come and see it? It will be amusing. Pray do—you and your sister. How pretty she is! Did I tell you how much admired — You know you must come to Curzon Street—not to Chiswick, this time. Mr. Dynevor knows."

With difficulty Anne succeeded in making her understand that on the momentous occasion they would all be sixty miles away—at Hillington.

"Hillington, of all places!" repeated Mrs. Lumley, her attention arrested; "that is where Miss Blackburn lives. You know Miss Blackburn? Good, kind creature. She has an estate there—is so benevolent to the poor, and all that. Many people don't like her—they call her sarcastic and severe. I never found her so. And her brother, Sir Charles Blackburn, is, without exception, the most charming, fascinating man —"

Thus she ran on, while slowly progressing to the door. Anne comprehended nothing of what she said; only one idea engrossed her thoughts—the sickening fear that she should leave the house without telling her anything more certain on the one subject that filled her mind.

"You will make my kindest remembrances to all your family? I trust I shall see you again sometime. You will return to London, I suppose? No? Are you fairly intending to ruralize, then? I am losing all my friends that way. Really it is quite distressing. The people I most cared for. Mr. Levison was such an acquisition! he made even a dinner-party quite a lively and cheerful ceremony! And poor Mr. Avarne; I suppose we shall see nothing of him for some time to come. Did you know him? Such a clever person! You have heard, then;—of course? Oh, very sad; summoned away by the dangerous illness of his mother—to Florence. Is my carriage there? Oh, I see. Yes."

Anne made a brave effort to recall her. Mrs. Avarne—I trust —"

"Oh—she died two days after he arrived. He wrote—no, the doctor—or at least some one wrote to somebody in London, who told me.

And I happened to meet the family lawyer the other day. She had a good deal of property. I must not keep you in the cold, Miss Dynevor—and the horses— Good morning. Kindest regards. Let me see you soon. Oh, I forgot—hear from you, I should say. Good-by!"

She departed. Anne shut the door—walked back into the house, to meet the thronging questions of her mother and Helen; to enter anew into the busy confusion of toil that would not cease for many days.

How the rest of the day passed was a marvel. Fortunately, her father, perceiving the unmistakable look of exhaustion in her face, insisted on her retiring for the night two or three hours before the usual time. The brief space of perfect solitude was an inestimable boon. She could think, uninterruptedly and fearlessly. She might permit herself to feel, without forcing back the tide of passionate emotion, which when so checked, seethes into storm, none the less racking, none the less terrible, that it is hidden.

And Anne thought and felt, wept and prayed, during these quiet hours. Women like her scarcely know the full extent of their love till a crisis such as this arises to put it to the test. They love most who have suffered most, and the love is incomplete of those who have not suffered together.

It was so now. Far apart as they were, Anne shared the agony of him she loved. Who shall say that a mysterious unrecognized consciousness of this did not bless him with its calm—console him with its sweetness? Surely as Anne in the dark silent night mingled with her tears, prayers, yearning, entreating, appealing, such as we never pray for ourselves alone, *he* must have felt a new and holy restfulness visiting him, a new strength supporting him.

How many an overwrought brain has been kept from madness, how many a woman's heart has been saved from breaking, by the knowledge that—be they near or distant—happy or unhappy—worthy or—oh, last misery of all!—unworthy—we can always pray for our beloved.

CHAPTER VII.—THE NEW HOME.

THORNHILL was small, it could not be denied; it was old-fashioned also; which is to say, that its quaintness of construction was balanced by certain peculiarities which conventional fastidiousness might even decry as inconvenient. It had narrow passages, a steep staircase, low ceilings, clumsy doors; and a general want of what auctioneers call "ornamental finish," was perceptible in every part.

On the other hand, it was equally indisputable that it was a bright, sunny, little place, and home-like as a nest. Moreover, Miss Blackburn had taken a genial pride and interest in arranging it, both within and without. Her servants had been busy among the rooms, until the floors and

walls, furniture and draperies, absolutely glistened with snowy cleanliness—the loveliest of household decorations.

The garden, too—the little domain which surrounded the tenement—was green and gay as spring verdure and April blossoms could make it, and as neat and well ordered as could be effected by a week's labor of Miss Blackburn's gardener, Joy, a person enthusiastic in the theory, but somewhat over-deliberate in the practical department of his profession.

Late in the afternoon of the day on which the travellers were to arrive, Joy and his mistress stood on the tiny lawn in front of Thornhill Cottage, contemplating the general effect of their combined preparations. The finishing touch had just been put to the garden; Joy had mowed the grass closely, evenly, with the tender nicety on which he prided himself; and now, having swept up the last fragments, and deposited them in his wheelbarrow, he gazed, broom in hand, his large black eyes quite pensive with satisfaction.

"I think that's about as fine as it can be done, ma'am," was his observation, as he wiped his forehead; "and them beds look well, too, now, don't they? I like to see 'em. Them anemones are the proper sort; and as for that 'ricula of ourn, I don't know I ever see such a free blower, and such a blossom! Why, it's as big—not to say bigger—than the Crown Prince that gained the prize last year. Oh, it's a pretty thing! I like to see it."

"Yes, Joy, we've done very well," remarked Miss Blackburn, complacently. "The place looks very bright and pleasant; I think they will like it."

"There's not another such a bit of ground—to say for flowers—in the parish, 'cept ourn," Mr. Joy pronounced. "I always thought the plants took uncommon well to this bit of ground. They grewed clean and healthy like, even when there warn't a soul to look after 'em; and the mignonette, and sweet peas and such, they come up, self-sowed, every year. You see it's the right aspect—doo south—as straight as it can stare. There isn't a single inch o' this garden that don't have its patik'lar drink o' sunshine at some time o' day; and bless yer, ma'am, sunshine's every-thing to flowers."

"Very true," assented Miss Blackburn, looking at her watch; "and now, Joy, we may take ourselves home again. The family will most likely arrive here in the course of an hour. We have done our part; we have no further business on this territory. Pack your tools; away with you," she cried, with a hasty sort of jocoseness; to which Mr. Joy responded slowly, as was his wont, by giving a final comprehensive gaze around the scene of his completed labors, and then lingeringly turning away to collect his scythe, and hoe, and other implements, flinging them into his wheelbarrow, one by one, pausing be-

tween whiles to pick off a withered leaf, or a dead flower, that marred the ordered beauty of the borders. In fact, his proceedings were altogether too circumspect, not to say dilatory, for his mistress, as alert in her movements as in her glance, as agile of body as active in mind. So, with a last despairing injunction to her retainer to follow her home as quickly as possible, Miss Blackburn stepped out at the white gate into the winding lane which was the approach to Thornhill.

A bridle path through Hillington wood led to her own abode. To gain this, she had to pass the dozen scattered cottages termed "the village," and the long pasture-field where the cricketers played in the summer time, with the shallow stream skirting it on one side, and the line of trees marking its course; the trees, vital, fresh, renewed in their spring loveliness, so that it made the heart bound with a sense of joyous life only to look at them. Past all this, she descended into the thick greenery of the wood, as into a sea, deep and still, with strange, solemn whispers murmuring through it, and now and again the rich notes of a blackbird throbbing upon the silence.

Through the vista of the over-arching hazels, Miss Blackburn saw two figures advancing down the narrow path she was ascending. And presently the blackbird ceased to hold sole empery of sound in the quiet wood.

"We thought we might meet you. We have just been at your house. They have not arrived yet?"

"No. The coach is not due till six. They will be at least an hour driving from Castleton. They cannot be here till seven."

"We are going to wait for them," said Miss Selina Grant. "We thought you would wait too, perhaps."

"Oh, no. I shall call sometime to-morrow. Give my kind regards to Miss Dynevor. I won't detain you."

"We are not hurried," observed gentle Mrs. Grant; "and, indeed, I should have been earlier, but for my letter."

"Mamma has been writing all day," explained her daughter, "to my brother."

"Ah!"

Miss Blackburn's onward step and her attention were both arrested.

"This morning's post brought me a long letter from my boy," cried the mother, her face beaming, "the first I have had! And he was well and happy, though they had a terrible storm!"

"The first letter!" repeated Miss Blackburn.

"I congratulate you." She pressed her hand with cordial sympathy. "Good news to greet our friends with," she added, smiling.

"Yes, yes. They will all be glad. They all loved Edward. Everybody loved Edward. Ah! I wish you had seen my Edward," went on Mrs. Grant, the tears swelling in her eyes.

"I shall look forward to seeing him, at no very distant day," said Miss Blackburn, genially, as she took leave of them; "meanwhile, don't you find yourself wondering at the strange new happiness you have made acquaintance with? The first letter—and looking for other letters —"

"Ah, you understand it!" and the mother almost embraced her in her delight. "You must have known it, you must have had letters coming from far, like bits of the life that had been torn from you given back!" she cried, graphic in her earnestness. Too graphic, too earnest, perhaps, if she had but known. Miss Blackburn almost snatched away her hand.

"Do you know you will be late, very late," she said, hurriedly; "and I—I am expected home. Good-by."

She looked back, smiling in adieu, but it was a forced, painful smile. Such as it was, it passed unnoticed. Mrs. Grant's mind was filled with other thoughts, and Selina was not a quick observer.

Onward paced Miss Blackburn through the wood, rapidly, with hasty, impetuous footsteps, rustling the last year's dead leaves; a mournful sound always—it made the blackbird's song more plaintive, and the murmuring of the wind grew dirge-like. But soon the clear white daylight shone at the end of the path, framed softly in the bending branches of two young beech-trees, which stood as if guarding the entrance to the wood. And Miss Blackburn emerged into the free air and open space.

A few steps now brought her to her home. There it stood, the grey old-fashioned house, with its many narrow windows, and its broad flight of steps, and massive entrance-door in the centre. It stood in the midst of a broad sloping meadow, to which two or three grand old oaks, and an occasional group of smaller trees, gave almost a park-like appearance.

Entering her domain by a side wicket, Miss Blackburn for the first time slackened her pace, drew a deep breath, and slowly ascended the slope. Her eyes were drooped, she did not look before her at the pleasant home, its bright flower-garden immediately in front, and its shrubberies and grove of dark firs rising behind. But as she neared the house, a large greyhound, which had been lying *couchant* at the door, bounded towards her, with its peculiar, hollow bark attuned into something that sounded joyous and welcoming.

"Ah, Jess! faithful old friend," said Miss Blackburn, as she stroked the head that slid itself expectantly under her hand for the caress. She went on in a subdued tone, as if half-ashamed of her own earnestness—"Do you love me, Jess? do you care for me? Will you always love your mistress better than any one besides?"

Jess, if she did not understand the words, comprehended the gentle and loving murmur of the voice, and responded by a look of exceeding

affection from her large brown eyes, and a whine expressive of the same, after the fashion of dog nature.

"You do—you will —Pshaw! If I were to go away, you would forget me in a month," she declared, with a scornful laugh, flinging her aside; "which is allowing about three weeks longer duration to canine memory than to human recollection. In with you, Jess. Don't whine. Oh! I believe in your love! You look to me for your dinner every day. A fair case of barter—and this is a commercial country, and you are a dog of integrity. While I feed you, you'll love me. Isn't it so, Jess? Good Jess—honest lassie! In with you!"

And laughing forth these exclamations—to which due response was made by wild leaps and loud barkings—the mistress, with her dog, passed over the threshold of their home.

If incessant movement, brisk and hurried, impulsive and energetic—and vocal utterances of all varieties, shrill, clear, loud, deep, and rapid—if these are constituents of cheerfulness, then was Thornhill Cottage a scene most cheerful during the whole of the day following the arrival of the Dynevor family.

It was a real April day—lustrous with sunshine, glistening with rain—the fitful, passionate spring rain, which was always falling, or had just ceased falling, or was immediately about to fall. There was a fresh breeze blowing from the south-west; it came across the sea, and bore that peculiar saline aroma in its breath, which is like new and dearer life to those who love it. The trees swayed to and fro with an elastic vigor that was healthful to look at. The light, beautiful spring clouds—opal, and palest grey, and white, and yet again "whiter than white"—careered in impetuous troops before the wind; dividing—meeting again—blending with fresh groups—shaping themselves into new forms at every moment—now irradiated by the sunlight into brightness at which the eyes ached—now subdued again into a softer loveliness—and anon cushioning on their breasts the mystical glory of a rainbow.

Within doors was a disquiet less variously beautiful. Order was not to be established in the several tiny apartments of Thornhill Cottage without considerable expenditure of ejaculations and frettings, loudly audible doubts, surprises, hesitations, disappointments, and various voluble manifestations of excitement on the part of Mrs. Dynevor. That lady was indeed in the very hey-day of delight, all the keener that the superstition was duly kept up of her being "fidgetted to death, harassed beyond endurance, with more to do than ever could be done, and labors before her so hopelessly crowded and entangled, that it was impossible to know where a beginning should be made. While she made these statements in

divers forms, and at divers times and places, Anne was busied in the performance of the multifarious duties that now more than ever fell to her share—busied with a desperate energy and activity that appeared never contented to be still, much as the worn face seemed to call for rest. In the general toil, even Helen was not idle, but addressed herself to the quieter employment of arranging books and work-boxes, pictures and flowers, in the larger of the two sitting-rooms, thenceforward to be styled and entitled “the drawing-room.” On a sofa in this room Mr. Dynevor reposed, after the fatigue of his journey. He lay beside the window, with yesterday’s newspaper in his hand, from the perusal of which he sometimes looked up to gaze out on the garden and the green lane beyond, and the wide stretch of landscape beyond that. Confusedly mixed in his mind were the items of public intelligence, so long familiar to him, with the strange newness of the scene his eyes rested on. His face wore an odd look, half-puzzled, half-contented, and he occasionally gave utterance to brief observations, and fragments of political and other news, partly to himself, it seemed, as well as to Helen.

“This must be cold enough when the wind blows from the north—Another insurrection in Spain, I see. Hum, hum.” And the “Times” received all his notice for a few minutes. Then looking up suddenly, he would be struck by a sense of the novelty of all around him, into an exclamation—“There’s rain! How it pelts those gay-colored flowers; what are they called, Helen? Anne told me this morning, but I’ve forgotten.” And he listened with an air of pleased attention, while Helen enumerated all the names she knew or remembered.

“Look at the trees, how they are rocking about in the wind! And the clouds, how they rush along. What a sense of motion—of tumult they give. Here comes more rain. Upon my word, your April in the country is a vehement affair enough. I never saw such enthusiastic weather in my life.”

All day long, the two children, unnoticed in the general confusion, wandered together about the precincts of the place, in open-eyed wondering observation, and almost awed into quiet by the newness of their position and environments. Every commonest incident, every small detail, familiar as light to happy country children, was marvellous and mysterious, to these poor little exiles from nature. They knew nothing of the spring—that wondrous miracle which we yearly look upon, scarce less wondrous than the creation of a world out of chaos. They knew nothing of its history—too infinitely beautiful not to be pathetic, even in the midst of all its brightness and joyance. The first trembling out of the dark—the first thrill of life that comes to the waiting earth—and then the first timid peering forth of green in hedge and tree—all

these were experiences utterly unknown to them. Who shall estimate the value of such unconsciously learned lessons in a child’s life? They knew nothing of that childish calendar of days and weeks, which dates from eras such as the finding of the first primrose—hearing the first blackbird—or when the ash-buds relent from their blackness—and the first swallows come—and the wind begins to rustle in the trees, instead of complaining and crashing among the leafless branches, as the wintry winds crash and complain. They were strangers to all the innocent associations which a child instinctively loves so dearly—which becomes so entirely interwoven with its life, that the song of birds and the ripple of the stream are as a second language—and flowers and trees companions superhuman, not the less beloved that there is a mystery in the companionship.

Children bred up in cities! how shall we think of them, but in tender, regretful, reverent pity, as of angels shut out of heaven without fault; the sinless thrust among the sinful—the pure imprisoned in corruption—the inheritors of nature cruelly kept from their birth-right. Poor little things—stunted in mind—bereft of the fairer half of the faculties God set in each tiny being—dwarfed, deformed souls, that will never on this side of the grave attain to their full altitude, their complete symmetry. A child in a town, even under the most favorable auspices, is either a sad little alien, a forlorn wanderer in strange scenes; or else, sadder yet, becomes by habit and use so citizenized, that nature is the most foreign of all its associations, and the language she speaks is incomprehensible to its ears. Most melancholy orphanhood! They who, from any other cause than direct necessity, condemn their little ones to such, have surely much to answer for.

But a new life has dawned for Albert and little Grace. They have not passed out of the white realm of childhood yet. There are niches still vacant where fair images will stand in the festal chambers of their hearts—whereinto, long hence, they may enter, and recognize how holy is the place. They may even now begin to learn at their mother’s knees, and love her none the less that they have been estranged from her so long.

On that first day all was too mysterious, and to new, for them to be quite happy. They were rather daunted, too, by their earlier experiences. Little Grace had an adventure in the lane, with a large sheep-dog belonging to a neighboring farmer, which alarmed her greatly, and almost made the valiant Albert inclined to run away. Did such fierce-looking animals infest that longed-for paradise—the country? Then a great spider, innocent enough, but terrible to their unaccustomed eyes, dropped on Albert’s arm, and vanished up his sleeve—an event which occasioned much dismay and agitation.

A frog leaped in their path as they were walking about the garden; and an earwig crawled out of a china rose that Grace had gathered and was fastening in her frock. Its tiny pincers nipped her finger; and the fright, more than the pain, sent tears to the little girl's eyes, and made her very much inclined to keep still, and not to wander far from the protecting presence of her sister Anne, for the rest of the day.

Towards evening, the internal and external disturbances in and about Thornhill Cottage appeared to subside, and a calmer spirit reigned. The repose that sunset always brings hallowed the sky, and made serene the earth. The passionate gusts of wind, and weeping rains, had ceased; grey and quiet clouds arched in the world, save where, at the west, a golden gate seemed opening wider and more glorious every moment.

The Dynevor household might rest now, since all was done that need be done that day; and, indeed, every one seemed glad of a temporary cessation of confusion and toil, including even the over-anxious and mercurial mistress of the family. Helen, after newly arranging her hair and dress, sat down at the window near the invalid's sofa—a pretty picture of industry, her bright curls dropping over the gay-colored netting with which she was employed. Mrs. Dynevor leaned back luxuriously in a large arm-chair, a position rarely assumed by her for so long together as she seemed content to maintain it on this especial evening. There is a quietude in such a change, as from London to the country, that insensibly influences even the most restless. Anne, in a different way, felt this influence at length creeping into her soul, filling its cold spaces with soft, comforting calm—breathing on it like a loving south wind on troubled water. She left the house, and went out through the little wicket at the back of the garden, on to a wide heath on which it opened. Her face wore a look of weariness, sad to see; and there was an expression in her dark eyes, eloquent of cold, hopeless, blank desolation.

Slowly she ascended the slope—the grey, evening landscape growing before her gaze at every step. It was one of a variety peculiar to that part of England, made up of woodland and pasture, occasionally broken by huge stretches of ploughed lands, rich and red, or waving green with the young corn. Here and there came in a bold bit of bare, bleak down, and abrupt hills, where the rich short turf was darkly green, and embossed by clumps of furze, or flecked with patches of sudden, startling whiteness, where a land-slip, or perhaps the remains of a chalkpit, betrayed the nature of the soil. So stretched the landscape—alternately fair and rugged, quaint and pastoral, like the union of strength and beauty—of a Saxon warrior with an Arcadian shepherdess. Anne looked around, and drank in thirstily the influ-

ences of the scene and of the time. The amber light yet lingering in the west, of the April sunset—the clear notes of some rival blackbirds in the adjacent wood—the pureness of the evening air, sharp and wiry though it was—and the quiet, cloudy, mysterious veil of twilight, which seemed to close in the world as with visible folds, soft and gentle, yet inexorable—all these sights, sounds, feelings, were blended together in Anne's mind, and were henceforth to be inseparable from the remembrance of that first evening in the country. Her eyes grew calmer, and a new light rose in them; the sad constrained lines of the mouth relaxed. So she stood for awhile, less thinking, as it seemed, than looking at, and listening to, the thoughts visible and audible around her. Thus she was discovered by Albert and Grace, who came to call her to the house, where Miss Blackburn awaited her, they said. Anne hastened to return; but, even while she was descending the heathery slope, the visitor appeared, advancing to meet her, and to detain her where she was.

"Don't stir a step! These moments are too precious; it is wicked to waste them in-doors," cried Miss Blackburn, in her kind, clear, yet sharp tones. The voice came upon Anne's ears almost like a familiar sound. Vividly it recalled to her the day of the picture-seeing—that day of brief, sweet, trembling happiness.

Her face flushed, her eyes brightened, as she extended her hand in cordial greeting. Miss Blackburn noted the brief gleam of sunshine with much satisfaction, though even while she smiled her pleasure, the light faded, and left the face pale and grey again. Anne had noticed the mourning dress of her companion, and it sent a chill to her heart where the icy consciousness of sorrow was ever present. She shivered with a half fearful desire that Miss Blackburn would speak of that sorrowful subject—would tell her perhaps something of what she so yearned to know.

Very dimly did she comprehend what the visitor was really saying, although the clear, rapid utterance scarcely ceased for a moment.

"I have seen your mother and father, and have got over the awful ordeal of introducing myself to the whole family, and now I have only to give a brief welcome to you, and then depart before the way grows dark. Welcome to Hillington! But you don't look well," added she, abruptly and impulsively, and then ceased speaking with equal suddenness, as if vexed with herself for having spoken.

"I have not been ill; I am not ill," said Anne, simply.

"You are tired then, no doubt. *Cela va sans dire*. A family is not removed to a new abode, sixty miles distant from the old, without a considerable cost of labor and exhaustion to the elders. Well, a few days in the blessed country air will set all that right. Are you not

happy to be free from the city?" went on Miss Blackburn, talking very fast, and looking towards the sunset all the while. "Don't you feel the sense of freedom entering at the open gate of your soul already? Are you not glad to be in the country?"

"Very glad," replied Anne. She tried hard to summon up some degree of animation, and she partially succeeded. "I am very glad also to see you again—to be able to look forward to being with you sometimes, and knowing you."

"That's right!" put in Miss Blackburn, with blunt heartiness. "I hope you will like this place," she continued, after a brief pause. "I do; but then I have lived my life in it and to it, and it is no wonder that for me there is a radiance in its colors, and a music in its sounds, such as I see and hear nowhere else. I don't expect new-comers to share my insight. They don't see the enchanted halo of childish and girlish memories crowning every tree and every hill-top; sleeping in every dell, and glade, and slope, so that to look on the visible landscape is to read chapters in history—the great, little self-history which is so sweet, so sad, so irrevocable, inexorable, and——"

She stopped suddenly, and laughed. She was amused, she said, to catch herself in the midst of such a finely melodramatic sentence and voice. Those who knew her well, might have justly thought that it was rather a frequent habit of hers, this forgetting herself whilst speaking, until she burst forth with a warmth and earnestness that seemed strange and uncalculated-for. Anne was not yet so experienced in her new friend's idiosyncrasy, as not to be a little startled at the abrupt flash of something almost tragic which had for an instant appeared in her face and manner.

It was all gone, however, now. Miss Blackburn resumed speaking quite calmly and equably. "A little higher up this hill," she said, "you have a view of the sea. It is only a mile off, yet it looks very far and out of reach, as the distant sea always does to those who have made a friend of it, and love to be closely beside it, watching its changes, and studying its looks and sounds, as we do study what we love. From this distance it is only a long line of light, or a dark leaden-like streak on the horizon, colorless, lustreless—a blank mysterious hiatus between the earth and the sky. Yet it is pleasant to gaze even at that, for it is the sea, and I know it, and can feel its influence. Cannot you?"

"Yes," replied Anne, looking towards the dim distance with a troubled look.

"Well, I want more than that yes. Don't you love it? Don't you feel at rest under its influence? I ought to apologize," she added, laughing, "for being so unceremoniously catechetical; but I feel as if I ought to know more than I do about you—that is, of the inner, intangible you—and I am impatient of the ini-

tiatory part of acquaintanceship. I like to plunge in *medias res* at once. And so—— Do you love the sea?"

"I fear it," said Anne, hesitatingly; "it looks to me strange, awful, terrible, like thunder made visible."

"Ah!" said Miss Blackburn, thoughtfully, and paused for a moment. She continued, in a musing tone—"I never met with any one who fully shared with me in my feeling for the sea, except Walter Avarne. He loved it—— loves it dearly."

Anne made no reply.

"Poor fellow, I suppose he may be at this very minute sailing on it. It is a sad coming home, leaving his mother's grave behind him."

"I was grieved to hear," began Anne, in a constrained voice, which softened and melted as she concluded—"to hear of his trouble."

"Did you know Mrs. Avarne?" Anne shook her head. "She was my dear friend from early girlhood." And here Miss Blackburn's voice faltered.

Impulsively, Anne took her hand, and pressed it in her own.

"It must have been a great sorrow to you," she said, softly.

"Yes, it has been—it is," answered Miss Blackburn, with hard brevity, though looking into her face almost with tenderness the while. Then, with sudden animation, she turned towards the house. "Do you know that it is getting quite late? The sunset glow has almost left the sky, and the air grows chill. You must go in, and I must wend my way homewards. I have not far to go. My home is distant from yours only a pleasant half-mile. I shall show you the way to it, I hope, very soon."

They walked slowly on. Anne did not hear much of what her companion was saying. She was trying to raise her courage to the point of asking a question. "Did you say Mr. Avarne was travelling still?"

"He is on his way back to England. I expect he will arrive by the end of the week. I wanted him to come and stay with me for a week or two, but I am afraid he will not be persuaded, from the tone of his last letter to me. He seems to have determined on leaving England altogether for some years, directly he has completed the arrangements, and fulfilled the duties devolving upon him by his mother's death. I wish he would stay at home. I don't like these self-imposed unnecessary exiles, though I suppose he has some plan in view connected with expatriation. He is not a man to suffer his life to degenerate into aimlessness, or to let time lie fallow for long, because one of his first aims has failed him. But this has been a heavy trial to him—heavier than even I anticipated, with all my knowledge of his love and devotion for his mother."

"Has he been ill?" Anne asked.

"No. I almost wish he had. Physical exhaustion often offers a safe outlet for mental disturbance. There is something far more wrong with him than that. With all his bravery, it peeps out now and then in careless sentences—in unthought-of words. It is rather a negative than a positive change that I perceive in his letters. There is an absence of what used to be. But after all, I may be needlessly anxious. It is only natural that under the first dark shadow of such an affliction, all should seem not only discolored, but distorted. Yet I wish I could see him."

"You will, will you not, before he leaves England?"

"I don't know; I shall try," replied Miss Blackburn, absently.

They were now standing by the garden gate, which led into the lane. The visitor held out her hand.

"We seem to have entered into rather dreary subjects of conversation," she observed, smiling. "And now I must depart as quickly as may be. Good-by; I shall see you again soon." She retained for a minute the hand she had taken. "I am ashamed of my own want of thought," she exclaimed, vehemently; "you are quite cold

and pale, with being out so long in this chill twilight. Pray go in at once; I shall wait at this gate till you have entered the house."

Anne said "good-night" quietly, and quietly turned away. A bright fire-light was shining from the uncurtained window of the cottage, showing the group gathered about the hearth. It looked cheery, home-like, Miss Blackburn thought, as she stood watching the slender and unusually erect figure of Anne move slowly up the path, towards the glow of light and warmth.

"Happy girl; she is going home!" the watcher murmured to herself. "Troubled, anxious, she may be; nay she is—I can see it. But sweetening all sorrow, soothing all pain, she has the dear blessing of home, and the dearer knowledge that she is loved, that she is necessary to other lives and other happiness than her own. I do not compassionate her, sad though she looked just now. I could almost envy her," Miss Blackburn said, hurriedly pressing her lips together.

So Anne, the happy and the envied, passed in at the open door of her home, and Miss Blackburn's quick, firm footsteps presently sounded sharply on the stillness, as she went on her way through the darkening twilight.

From the Ypsilanti Sentinel

THE LAKELETS IN MICHIGAN.

The lakelets which abound in this State are worthy the attention of the naturalist. One day last week, a man by the name of Briggs, while washing sheep in one of a series of three, in the township of Scio in this County, was drowned. He had swam across it some forty rods, and upon returning was probably seized with cramps, and sank near the middle. All efforts to recover the body being fruitless, Messrs. Harrington and Phillips were sent for to search with their submarine armor.

Accordingly, on Thursday last, they made numerous descents, at various depths, discovering most singular irregularities of bottom, and curious formations. In some places the plummet will strike bottom in a short distance. A few feet off, down it goes to an almost unfathomable depth. Sometimes upon arriving at what seemed to be the bottom, the diver's feet rest upon nothing, and down he goes into impenetrable darkness and a soft mass of mingled water and sediment, until prudence warns him against further progress.

Down sixty-five feet from the surface went Mr. Harrington, in the vain search for solid bottom, and still his lead sank through "deep obscure." At one time the plummet will show a current which carries the line rapidly away from the perpendicular, again it swings around, indicating a whirling eddy.

This lake, or rather pond, is little known,

many old residents not even knowing of its existence. A man present among the spectators of the diving operations, said that upon his first discovery of it, a short time since, it abounded with the fish so common to our streams, of a large size, and so little alarmed at the sight of man that they were to be caught by the simplest means, when within reach, almost by hand. As there is no inlet by which they could have entered the lake, how came they there?

At the last accounts, the body of Mr. Briggs had not been discovered.

[From the Jonesville (Michigan) Independent, June 20.]

The above mention of our lakelets, reminds us of some strange things we have observed about some of the lakes in this County.

One on Mr. Delevan's farm, is entirely stocked with leeches. No fish ever live there. Others abound in fish, yet having no outlet or inlet. A strange occurrence happened at Baubiese lake, near Hillsdale, a few years since.

One morning the shore for miles was found strown with dead white-fish, and those fish were observed during the day to come up to the shore and die. None were seen alive after that day, and strangest of all, no white-fish were ever known to be in that lake or any other lakelet near it, nor has any appeared there since! How these fish ever came there, and what caused their death, is a puzzling question. Could they come by some subterranean current from the great lake? Do such currents undermine all Michigan? The subject would be an interesting study for some geologist.

From The Economist, 16 June.

AUSTRIA'S LAST ACT OF FRIENDSHIP.

MORE than a year ago, and after repeated conversations with those English, French and Italian statesmen who by position and political experience were best qualified to throw light upon the matter, we drew up a careful sketch of the peculiar situation of Austria with regard to her own subjects and the belligerent Powers and her German confederates and rivals; and we ventured to predict the line of policy which both her character and her necessities would combine to compel her to pursue. As events proceeded we recurred from time to time to the subject, showing how, in defiance of our own hopes and of her assurances, every thing still pointed in the same direction. The result has amply justified our foresight, and every one has at length come round to our opinion.

We have never echoed the common cry raised against Austria by the sanguine and the disappointed. We have never charged her with duplicity or selfishness. She always announced that she would act as her interest should dictate; and without this assurance we might have known that States never act out of regard to any interests but their own; and it was obvious enough what her interests were and what course of action they would prescribe. We have never blamed her for delaying and temporizing. Her perils were so great, and her position so inherently false and critical, that in delay and temporizing lay her only chance of safety. Her objects were plain and obvious enough, and she has never lost sight of them, whatever others may have done. Her first aim was to compromise the quarrel and prevent the war—to hinder the lighting of a fire which could not burn so near her own combustible materials without imminent peril.

Tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet.

Failing this, her next object was to maintain her neutrality, to delay a decision, to offend and take part against neither belligerent, and thus to prevent either from arousing her discontented populations or striking at her exposed capital. If she failed in this, she still hoped to postpone the evil hour till the fortunes of war should have signally decided in favor of one party, so that she might come to the succor of the strongest and incur the enmity only of the vanquished. And her fourth object was, if possible, so to play her cards and profit by her central and neutral position as to reap some solid advantage for herself. She has succeeded wonderfully. We have allowed her to succeed. We have even, we think, aided her to succeed. Possibly we could not have done otherwise. But at all

events if we have not been deceived, we have acted and spoken as if we were; we have professed to believe in the certainty of her assistance; we have allowed her to disarm our hostility without incurring that of Russia; and when she promised that if Russia refused to make peace on the Four Points, "she would consider what next should be done to terminate the war," we raised a shout of triumph and rejoicing as if we had nailed her at last!

All this is now over. She still professes to be our ally, and still mutters something about negotiations and mediation; but on the whole she has thrown off the mask—as far as she ever does so un-Austrian a thing—and every one now has abandoned the slightest hope of active aid from her—of anything in fact beyond that vague and unbeautiful thing called "countenance." This is fully understood not only by ourselves *but by Russia*; and it is to this point that we wish to direct the attention of the Government and the country.

Just a year ago, when the Russian arms had been unexpectedly and repeatedly worsted, and when from the appearance of the Allies in Bulgaria, there seemed every probability that the invaders would be driven back beyond the Pruth, and that Moldavia and Wallachia would be restored to their rightful Sovereign, Austria, who had long kept a large army menacing but inactive on the frontier, proposed to the Ottoman Government to "occupy" those Principalities for the Porte and as its ally. In a moment of weakness and delusion the Sultan consented, and the Western Powers, though we believe not approving the arrangement, interposed no veto. Accordingly the Austrians entered those Provinces, and established themselves there as masters, and ever since their conduct has been in the highest degree insolent, oppressive, and treacherous. The troops—mainly Croats, the most barbarous portion of the Austrian army—have committed the most scandalous excesses; the Commander-in-Chief has treated the Turkish authorities, civil and military, more like an arrogant conqueror than an ally, and though once or twice his proceedings have been disavowed at Vienna, he has neither been punished nor recalled; and, finally, martial law has been proclaimed, in defiance of solemn treaty, and by the sole authority of Count Coronini. But this it not all. This, though abominable, is comprehensible enough. What is not so intelligible is that the Austrians have replaced in office, not only Prince Stirbey, *the Russian agent and functionary*, the tool of the Czar and the scourge of the people, but nearly all the old officials,—and that the Porte and the Allies have been blind or feeble enough to endure this flagrant piece of treacherous hostility. In the face of these facts, there are persons who still think that Austria is really

on our side, and even Lord Palmerston calls her "our ally up to a certain point."

But this is not all. The plot begins to clear, and the present throws a light upon the past. The entry of the Austrians into the Principalities made it obvious enough that no Russian troops would be wanted in that quarter. We were too wise to invade Bessarabia; and Russia knew well that the Austrians had no idea of crossing the Pruth, and would never permit the Turks to do so. The immediate and certain effect, therefore, of the Austrian occupation, was (as we stated at the time, and were laughed at as absurdly suspicious for pointing out) to liberate the whole of the Russian army in that quarter, and enable it to march unmolested to the succor of the Crimea. Under the circumstances, it would have been impossible for Austria to have served her Russian friends or injured her Western Allies more effectually.

Well! she is repeating precisely the same operation now. Her attitude of hesitation and of possible though uncertain menace has hitherto detained in Poland a large Russian force, amounting to probably 200,000 men—the picked troops of the Muscovite army. Within the last two or three weeks, however, it has been made clear to the Court of St. Petersburg (whether by secret intimation, or by obvious and patent indications, signifies not one straw)—as to Europe at large and to ourselves—that Austria has definitively resolved to be neutral, and consequently that all these forces which have been accumulated on her frontier to wait the event of a hostile contingency will not be needed—or not needed there. Austria, it appears, is disbanding a large part of her own army:—Russia in consequence, has already begun to march her Polish army towards Sebastopol. Thus, for the second time, has "our ally up to a certain point" set free the forces of our enemy to crush us!

Now, we do not say that in all this there is perfidy or villany—(though in her conduct in the Principalities there is unquestionably both). We cannot compel Austria to declare war against our foe unless she pleases. We cannot prevent that foe from drawing the same conclusion that we ourselves have drawn as to Austrian intentions. We cannot prevent him from availing himself of his obvious security in one quarter to concentrate all his forces on another. But we can at least deduce from all these things the inference that Austria has not and never had the slightest design to aid us; that all her actions go to the profit of our enemy; and that she is not even at heart and timidly our friend—else nothing would have been easier for her than by menacing demonstrations or prolonged vacillation to have kept the Russian forces in an attitude of expectancy in Poland. Henceforth we know

what we have to look for;—and if our statesmen ever again listen to any protestations of Austrian goodwill—if they ever allow the faintest hope of Austrian aid to enter their minds or influence one action or cause a delay of a single hour—if they expect of that subtle and persistent Power anything except that she will stand at ease, sword in hand, waiting to kick the fallen, to come to the succor of the conqueror, and to assist at the division of the spoils,—they will incur the condemnation and contempt due to those who "sin against the light."

From the Economist, 23 June.

"THE OPPRESSED NATIONALITIES:" YES OR NO?

WE have never endeavored to conceal that, as far as mere personal feelings were concerned, we sympathized largely with the politicians who desired that this war had been waged for wider aims and might lead to more comprehensive results than those entertained or designed by the Cabinets who resolved on it. We felt that the maintenance of the *status quo*, the balance of power, the preservation of the political equilibrium of Europe such as it existed two years ago, was, indeed, an object of first necessity, and might even be sufficient to justify hostilities if it could not be secured without them; yet that peace once broken, expenditure once incurred, blood once shed—some grander and better aims might not unreasonably mingle with our policy. We could not blind ourselves to the obvious consideration that the *status quo* was not a wholly satisfactory one; that something better might easily be conceived, might be not unreasonably wished for, might not impossibly be obtained. We could not help feeling, while entering on a mighty contest in behalf of the independence, integrity, and national rights of Turkey, and proclaiming the duty of defending her weakness against oppression and the policy of maintaining her existence as a European element,—that there were other nations whose character better merited our aid and whose sufferings appealed more truly to our sympathies; and that these nations had been oppressed, dismembered, or enlaved either by Russia herself, or with Russian succor and connivance. It was impossible to forget that the Poles were a more capable and gallant people than the Turks, and that Poland had been trampled out of life by Russia, Prussia, and Austria combined;—that Hungary was constitutional while Turkey was despotic,—and that it was Russia that bound Hungary hand and foot, and laid her prostrate and disarmed at the feet of her accomplice;—that Italy was far more civilized than Turkey,—and that Italy was still in misery and bondage mainly because Russia had encouraged and enabled Austria to work her wicked will

upon that beautiful and wretched land. It was impossible to deny that every one of these countries had in them better and more hopeful elements of progress, of civilization, of enlightened and enduring freedom, than the one on whose behalf we had taken arms; that their people would have been more grateful for our aid; that their soil would have yielded far richer returns to our fostering care. Finally, it was equally impossible to deny that the partition of Poland was as great a violation of European equilibrium as would have been the dismemberment of Turkey, and that to have permitted the one was to the full as fatal a mistake as now to connive at and share in the other. In fact that the latter was little more than the necessary sequence and complement of the former.

All this we felt as strongly as any Polish, Italian, or Hungarian patriot of them all—as strongly as Mazzini, Kossuth, or Krasinski. But before raising our voice to counsel such an extension of the strife as they desired, it was our duty to weigh carefully certain other considerations, some of which it was natural should have escaped them, others of which they, even more than we, ought to have deliberately pondered. It was possible indeed that in the course of events, especially if the war was obstinate and prolonged, the contest might assume greater dimensions and a wider range, might be waged for nobler purposes, might be animated by deeper and more stirring passions, might embrace other combatants, might give rise to new alliances and altered political combinations. (It is possible that all this may arise out of the cauldron yet.) But when we remember what a gigantic and encyclopædic strife such a one would be; that it would be that war of principles foreseen by Canning, in comparison of which all wars of thrones and armies are like peaceful games of chess; that it would involve all Europe, and would be carried on in the most populous, civilized, and comfortable countries; that its most desperate battles would be fought in cities and in States filled with the grandest monuments of industry, embellished with the richest miracles of art, glorious with all the trophies of intellectual refinement;—when we remember in addition that such a war should be waged for no definite object and by no clear rules, but in the name and on the strength of principles as to which even ardent patriots are not agreed, under banners and with war-cries which many of the best and purest of Liberty's defenders repudiate and abhor, and by the glare of watch-fires whose lurid light would be kindled at no hallowed source;—and when we remember, finally, that such a wide-spread and deadly conflict, in which we entered, haply, with the purest motives and the most avowable designs, would have to be carried on in con-

cert with allies whom we did not choose yet could neither repudiate nor disavow—in concert with every bad passion, every insane delusion, every base desire; that all who love confusion and abhor control, all who pine for plunder, all who live by crime, would flock to our standard and disgrace our cause; till for the sake of humanity we learned to dread victory even more than defeat, and to loathe our fellow combatants even more than we hated our enemies;—when we reflect upon all these things—(statesmen *must* reflect upon them, patriots *ought*)—we feel that—though, if Providence in its inscrutable wisdom were to decree such a desperate strife, we should hope and believe that ultimate good would be educed out of the immediate and terrible evil—yet neither our courage nor our faith is strong enough to permit us to incur the fearful and immense responsibility of *actively bringing about* a state of things of which we see the accompaniments, but cannot see the issue.

But there is yet another point which English statesmen should solemnly consider. England is in the worst possible odor with the suffering nationalities of Europe, as having frequently, if not habitually, encouraged their insurrections and then deserted them in the hour of need. The charge, though exaggerated into falsehood, is not wholly without foundation. It is one of the heaviest that can be brought against a powerful and honorable nation: we must see that we never again give the smallest ground or colorable pretext for its renewal. If in our present contest—not against despotism in the abstract, but against one overweening Despot—we found ourselves baffled and defeated, and saw a necessity for calling the vast and incalculable might of "nationality" and revolution to our aid; if we once resolved to summon to our side or let loose upon our foes the enthusiasm of the oppressed Liberals of Europe; we should have incurred the solemn and irrefragable obligation never to sheathe the sword or retire from the contest till their objects as well as *ours* had been secured. We should have no right to listen to any peace of which their liberation was not a *sine qua non*; which did not re-establish their national existence; which did not secure them against the vengeance of those adversaries against whom we had accepted their alliance. We should have become by the claims of duty and of honor their future and perpetual protectors. We should be bound to complete and maintain the work we had begun. To rouse or even to encourage the Poles, the Italian, or the Magyars, to rise against their masters and oppressors, unless we were prepared to go through with the strife we had commenced—to put arms in their hands, or even to stimulate them to insurrection by one word of excitement, or one ray of hope,

or one look of promise, and then to abandon them to their fate as soon as we were satisfied or weary,—or to rest content with some such stipulations for their amnesty and good treatment as are readily given and always violated;—this would be an infamy with which English statesmanship must not again be soiled.

Now, are we, or shall we ever be, prepared to make war till the national independence and the constitutional liberties of Poland, Hungary, and Italy are established and secured? If not, we have no right to ask (or even to accept, save on the most explicit declaration of our selfish intentions) the assistance of those discontented and aspiring nationalities. And even if we were, or if we thought we were, thus prepared and resolved,—if our statesmen in their desperation, or their faith, or their new-born enthusiasm for the generous and the great, accepted such an issue and dreamed of girding on their armor for such a mighty conflict,—do we know ourselves as a nation so little, are we so ignorant of our past history, or so blind to our notorious and characteristic weaknesses, as not to feel certain that ere many years were over and long before the end was gained, we should grow lazy or languid or weary of the strife, that we should grudge the cost of war and sigh for the repose of peace? Nay, more: do we not know that the minority of to-day may become the majority of to-morrow; that the revulsion of popular feeling may place in power those politicians who hate war, and do not love liberty, and do not care about foreign fellow-creatures; and that a change of Ministry may involve a change of policy, total, fatal, and dishonorable? If Lord Derby came into power, would he continue a war for liberty? If Mr. Cobden came into power, would he continue a war for the liberty of other peoples? If Mr. Gladstone came into power, would he continue a war for anything at all? And amid the fluctuating waves of popular feeling, who shall say that any of these men—or all of them together—may not, at some conjuncture and in some phase of the public mind, wield the destinies and decide the policy of Britain?

Sir E. B. Lytton closed his speech on the Peace Debate with a passage to nearly every word of which we subscribe:—

But now comes the grave and solemn problem which the withdrawal of all negotiation forces still more upon the mind of every one who thinks deeply, and which the right hon. gentleman, the member for Manchester, has so properly raised. War being fairly upon us, of what nature shall be that war? Shall it assume that vast and comprehensive character which excites in the member for Aylesbury hopes for the human race too daring even for him to detail to this sober house? In plain words, shall it be a war in

which, to use the language of Mr. Canning in 1826, you will enlist "all those who, whether justly or unjustly, are dissatisfied with their own countries;" in which you will imitate the spirit of revolutionary France, when she swept over Europe, and sought to reconcile humanity to slaughter by pointing to a rainbow of freedom on the other side of the deluge? Does history here give to the hon. member an example or a warning? How were these promises fulfilled? Look round Europe! You had the courage—where is the freedom? The deluge spread, the deluged rolled away—half a century is fled, and where is the rainbow visible? It is on the ruins of Cracow? on the field of Novara?—or over the walls of defeated Rome? No; in a war that involves liberal opinions against established rule, what I most dread and deprecate is, not that you will fulfil your promises and reap the republics for which you sowed rebellions—what I dread far more is, that all such promises would in the end be broken—that the hopes of liberty would be betrayed—that the moment the monarchies of England and France could obtain a peace that realized the objects for which monarchies go to war, they would feel themselves compelled by the exhaustion of their resources, by the instincts of self conservation, to abandon the auxiliaries they had lured into revolt, restore to despotism "the right divine to govern wrong," and furnish it with new excuse for vigilance and rigor by the disorders which always distinguish armed revolution from peaceable reforms. I say nothing here against the fair possibility of reconstructing in some future congress the independence of Poland, or such territorial arrangements as are comprised in the question, "What is to be done with the Crimea, provided we take it?" But these are not all that is meant by the language we hear; less vaguely out of this house than in it, except when a Minister implies what he shrinks from explaining. And woe and shame to the English statesman who, whatever may be his sympathy for oppressed subjects, shall raise them to rebellion against their native thrones, not foreseeing that in the changes of popular representative government at all that his Cabinet may promise to-day a new Cabinet to-morrow may legally revoke: that he has no power to redeem in freedom the pledges that he writes in blood; and woe still more to brave populations that are taught to rest democracy on the arms of foreign soldiers, the fickle cheers of foreign popular assemblies, or to dream that liberty can ever be received as a gift, extorted as right, maintained as an hereditary heirloom, except the charter be obtained at their own Runnymede, and signed under the shadow of their own oaks.

From the Examiner, 16 June.

SHIPS TOO GREAT FOR USE.

THREE years ago, before the present war and its peculiar requirements were thought of, we ventured to raise the question whether the Admiralty was pursuing the right course in straining at size, and building line-of-battle ships larger and larger. It seems to us that

this was neglecting the uses that might be made of the steam power, as a whole squadron of formidable steam-vessels might be had in place of one of those huge floating castles, the *Albert*, *Britannia*, *Wellington*. The question we have repeatedly asked is, whether the weight of metal, tonnage, and crew of one of these great ships would not be more effective divided amongst five or six steam craft; that is to say, whether five or six steam-vessels having the aggregate armament of one of these great ships would not be more than her match. And we have never had but one reply from professional men. The case is like that of the bull and bulldogs, or the stag and staghounds; and number, speed, and activity would far overmatch superior size. To this conclusion came the French naval authorities, who formed a Commission to consider and report on the subject; and French opinions on nautical questions are not to be slighted, for though they may be behind us in practical seamanship, they have always been our equals, if not in advance of us, in nautical science.

Whatever may have been the soundness or unsoundness of the objection to preferring size to all other considerations, in general circumstances, it cannot be denied that the peculiarities of the present war render the great ships worse than useless, and demand in place of them the employment of vessels combining powerful armament with a light draft of water. We have advisedly asserted that great ships are worse than useless, in as much as they lock up a large force which might otherwise be available against the enemy. In commercial phrase, they are not negotiable. The funds of force in them are not available. They are passive, not active. The enemy are not such fools as to go out against them, and they are too mighty to be able to go in to the enemy. The consequence is that the campaign in the Baltic will in all probability be more barren this year than the last, for want of small change for our great ships, which the Admiralty have so unaccountably failed to provide, though perfectly cognizant of the wants of the service. The *Times* has some excellent remarks on this subject.

The self-immolation of the Russian fleet at Sebastopol, and the cautious, and no doubt judicious policy, which has kept their northern squadron safe behind the granite batteries of Cronstadt, seem to prove that we have no great reason to fear any damage to our larger ships at the hands of the enemy, more especially as that enemy is so bent upon our preservation that it prevents us by sunken ships, by rocks, and by piles, from coming near enough to their batteries to receive any serious damage from them. Our ports are, besides, full of three-deckers, ready to take the place of any vessel which may sustain serious damage at the hands of the enemy. In

this state of things we hear that a vast leviathan called the *Marlborough*, which may be reasonably expected to do good service in the next great naval battle which is fought in the centre of the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean, has just been completed and is to be launched forthwith. She is to mount 130 guns, and will draw water enough to make her entirely useless during the whole course of the present war. But there are no limits to the feats which a magnanimous nation can perform when it has but one idea in its mind, and is determined to work that out without respect to any amount of absurdity that the process may involve. The *Marlborough* is but a pigmy compared with her projected successor, the *Victoria*, which, though she mounts only one more gun, is to be fifteen feet longer than the *Marlborough*, in order to give a little extra space to fight her guns. It is certainly desirable to give a little extra space for fighting as well as for eating, and a crowded gunner is as likely to be uncomfortable as an elbowed guest. But has it ever occurred to the Lords of the Admiralty to consider whom the *Marlborough*, the *Victoria*, and vessels of that class are to fight withal? They may say, like Goliath, the Philistine. "Give me a man, that I may fight with him;" but the Russians are a great deal too wise to gratify their fancy. In the meanwhile other marine monsters of equal dimensions are hovering around Cronstadt with an intense desire to get at it like a cat that would soon draw the canary bird out of its cage if it could only squeeze its paw between the bars. And thus a gallant and noble enterprise, one which we believe to be entirely feasible, were we provided with the proper instruments, and which would more than anything else tend to a termination of the war and to a permanent and decided repression of the ambitious designs of Russia, languishes in compulsory inaction because our Government, with all the means at its disposal, has failed to provide itself with a sufficient number of gunboats capable of approaching within reach of the fleet and batteries we wish to destroy.

We entertain no doubt that after the present glorious opportunity has passed away the Admiralty will set themselves diligently and perseveringly to build gunboats, bomb-ketches, mortar-vessels, and every other species of light craft; but while the war lasts we feel sure we shall be all for *Marlboroughs* and *Victorias*, and for making every ship we lay down longer, wider, deeper, and heavier than its predecessor, until at last wood and iron refuse to go any further, and we arrive at the construction of a vessel which no harbor in the British Isles, except Plymouth or Cove, will be able to contain.

Now, would it not be better, if it were only for the sake of novelty, to give up this spirit of stupid and unmeaning routine, and, instead of building every vessel with reference wholly to the vessel that was built before it, to take for once into our consideration whether it would not be as well to subordinate our view of the sublime in naval architecture to the practical and pressing exigencies of the public service? It is a very fine thing for a ship to be fifteen feet longer than the *Duke of Marlborough*, but it would be a still

finer if we could get one fifteen inches shallower than the shoals of Cronstadt. It is really lamentable to think how much might have been done, how many misfortunes averted, how many successes achieved, had Government only yielded to the first representation made by Sir Charles Napier, of the absolute necessity of preparing a large flotilla of gunboats. Had we only taken the hint in the autumn of 1853, we might, with the early summer of 1854, have made ourselves masters of the Sea of Azoff, effectually cut off all supplies from the garrison of Sebastopol, from the eastern side of the isthmus of Perekop, and

probably even menaced the communication by that isthmus itself. The campaign in Asia between the Turks and Russians would probably have had a different result, and something might have been done towards clearing the navigation of the Danube from the Black Sea inwards; in the Baltic, Riga, Revel, Sweaborg, perhaps Cronstadt itself, might have fallen. The error was committed, and there is an end of it; but who could have supposed it would not have been rectified in this, the second year of the war, and that we should be now lamenting over the same ill success occasioned by the same cause?

THE Imperial Society of Acclimation has just closed its session by a sitting at which some interesting communications were made. One was to the effect that 155,000 tubercles of the *dioscorea batatas* of China, which can very satisfactorily in cases of emergency replace the potato, have been distributed, with proper instructions for their cultivation, amongst the various departments of France as well as Algeria, England, Germany, Piedmont, Sicily, Sardinia, etc. No doubt it is entertained that this very useful vegetable will ultimately enter very largely into the list of articles serving as food to the poorer classes. M. Guérin Méneville, who was charged by the society to watch carefully over the eclosion of the oak silk worms, the eggs of which had been sent some time back from China, presented a report on the subject, from which it appears that both males and females had arrived at maturity at Paris and at Turin. Everything leads to the belief that the leaves of the ordinary oak of Europe will serve as food for these worms; but in addition, the acorns of two kinds of oaks growing in China, and much liked by the worms in question, have been brought over and been planted. M. Guérin Méneville exhibited to the members some pieces of plush of great beauty made by a manufacturer of Paris from the silk of the oak worms; he also produced some very fine specimens of spun silk obtained in India from the same kind of worm. Great satisfaction was expressed by the persons present at the announcement of these results.

From the Journal of Commerce.

BLINDNESS.

STRIKE, Lord! but grant me this
Thy trembling suppliant's plea;
The hand that holds the rod to kiss—
In filial love to thee.

Thanks, Father, for thy care,
Thy child would be resigned:
I murmur thus my feeble prayer,
But Oh, I'm blind, I'm blind!

Hush! hush, my soul, be still!
Let not my thoughts rebel,

It is thy Heavenly Father's will—
He doeth all things well.

There is no darkness where
The star of Jacob reigns;
Though mid-night rests in silence there,
A glory gilds the plains.

When earthly visions bright
Are closed to mortal eye,
The soul rests in the peaceful light
Of heaven's unclouded sky.

And yet I feel the spell
That blinds to earthly things:
Sweet nature's joys! I know them well,
With their ten thousand springs:—

I know earth's robe of green,
Now rank with genial rain;
I know the sunlight's golden sheen
Rests on its face again.

I hear the voice of birds,
That carol in their bowers;
I list the sound of fountain stirred,
And scent the opening flowers.

I feel the balmy air,
As from an angel's plume,
Play 'round my cheek and forehead bare,
Steeped in its rich perfume.

And my own prattling boy!
I hear his footsteps fall;
With merry romp and shout of joy
He trips along the hall.

His arms are 'round me thrown—
His kiss is on my cheek!
"Look, father, see; your darling own—
Ah me! I feel I'm weak."

Then for a moment I,
My sightless orbs I strain—
Give, O my Father! give, I cry,
Give back my sight again!

BROOKLYN, June 10th, 1855.

H. C. M.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

SAVINIEN CYRANO DE BERGERAC, from whom Molière did not scruple to steal written goods, to whose wit Fontenelle perhaps owed something when he wrote his *Mondes*, Voltaire something when he wrote his *Micromegas*, Swift something when he wrote his *Gulliver*, Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac is a man worth, even in these days, a little study.

He was born in the year 1620, the son of a gentleman at Bergerac in Perigord. The priest of his parish, a good man named Kostgänger, kept a school for young children, and to that Cyrano was first sent. One of his playmates there, whose name was Le Bret, remained attached to him throughout life, and published his works after his death, prefacing them with a sketch of his career, which is the main source from which modern accounts of the life of Bergerac have to be drawn up.

At school, under the care of Father Kostgänger, Cyrano was a most impatient pupil. He despised the teaching of his master, for he was too bold and quick of wit to endure patiently the littleness of studies which in those days were considered both the root and fruit of knowledge. Logic was chopped finer than smoke. Children were taught to argue in Bocardo, and Felapton, puzzled with Barbara, Celarent, Darapti, Baroco, Baralipon. Father Kostgänger taught like his neighbors, and over him, as over another monk, might have been raised after his death the epitaph—

*Hic jacet magister noster,
Qui disputavit bis aut ter,
In Barbara et Celarent,
Ita ut omnes admirarent,
In Fapesmo et Frisesimorum;
Orate pro animas eorum.*

Which in a horribly bad translation might stand thus:—

Here our logical master lies,
Who disputed twice or thrice
In Baralipon and Ferapti,
To the wonder of all who on him clapt eye,
In Fapesmo and Frisesimorum;
Pray for the souls of all the quorum.

This barbarous logic was employed most commonly on useless sophisms, such as that ancient one called *The Liar*, over which it is said that Philletus puzzled himself to death:—If you say of yourself, "I lie," and in so saying tell the truth, you lie. If you say, "I lie," and in so doing tell a lie, you tell the truth.

Aristotle held this case to be a great perplexity. Bergerac held all such cases in contempt. As a schoolboy he made Father Kostgänger the object of his first disgust at pedants

and low people, who prefer the little to the great; at men who will work for months and for years upon the smell of an apple, to decide whether it be firm or accident.

And there was more than the logic that a boy of spirit might resent in such education as was thought best at the beginning of the seventeenth century. A servile following of the ideas of Greek and Latin writers provoked Bergerac's contempt. *O, imitatores, servum pecus!* was his feeling throughout life. A Peter in such times could call himself Pomponius and spend his earnings upon the purchase of ground in the Campagna, that he might there worship Romulus and Remus, and as a Roman keep the feast of the foundation of the city. A worshipper of Aristotle could refuse to look through Galileo's telescope, lest he might irreverently perceive stars that had not been seen by the Greek sage. A Claude Berlinger could learn Homer by heart, carry his verses always on his person, and repeat them to himself in the church instead of prayers; finally throwing away his life upon a journey to the plains of Troy. A Jesuit, Caspar Knitelius, could teach that the seven words of the first line in the *Æneid*, *Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avenâ*, were so many arguments in proof of the necessity of practising the virtue of humility. Lawyers pushed cases home with classical comparisons, clinching them habitually with Horace's *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*. But when a fable could be got that required no mutation of the name, when Tibullus, for example, could be quoted literally against some poor girl who really had been called Næra by her godfathers and godmothers, the argument was held to be complete. One advocate terrible by his skill in finding "homonyms" of this kind, could not be faced on his own ground until he had stumbled once and made himself ridiculous. This he did at the close of a powerful and ingenious speech against one M. Meauder, whose name he had read in his instructions as Meander, and upon whose tortuous ways, as well as upon all points that belonged to his geography and history, the lawyer had dilated with superb effect, until the terrified object of denunciation suddenly cleared his character by shouting, "Sir, my name is Meauder, not Meander!" The whole argument before the court fell into ruin. Against all this intellectual slavery to a past time, Bergerac even as a boy rebelled.

Preference of the little to the great was in other respects at that period the vice of learning and of literature. Men discussed carefully whether it was always requisite for u to follow q, and in the middle of the century Thomas Gataker settled the question for his part by enforcing a separation between the couple that had so long lived faithfully together, and print-

ing Latin books full of such spelling as *qi, qæ, qod*. There was a respect entertained towards lipogrammatic books, treatises in all the words of which some one letter never occurred. There was a taste in poetry—if it may be said to concern poetry at all—for acrostics and retrograde verses, which were equally sensible whether read forwards or backwards, and in each case scanned correctly. For example, here are a couple of such verses:—

*Prospicimus modo quod durabunt tempore longo
Fœdera, nec nobis pax cito diffugiet;*

which when inverted read as follows:—

*Diffugiet cito pax nobis, nec fœdera longo
Tempore durabunt, quod modo prospicimus.*

How miserably time was wasted over little-ness like this! Throughout the provinces of France also literary taste was infected by a love of anagrams; old and young worked at them. The father Pierre de St. Louis, author of the *Magdalenaide*, became a Carmelite monk upon discovering that his lay name Ludovicus Bartelemy yielded the anagram *Carmelo se devovet*—"he devotes himself to Carmel."

Impatient of the kind of knowledge that he got from Father Kostgänger in Périgord, Cyrano expressed freely his wish for a much larger field of study. He was therefore sent to Paris. Still in his first youth, full of strength and life, and long restrained desire for the complete enjoyment of his faculties, he was furnished with money by his father, and trusted alone among the dangers of the capital. He sought knowledge, and he sought excitement. He was soon engaged in a wild course of dissipation, made a party to incessant duels, and displayed such strength and courage that at the age of nineteen he was known commonly in Paris by the name of the Intrepid. Knowledge he sought from Jacques Rohault, whose friend he remained through life, and in whose classes he had Molière for fellow-pupil. Molière afterwards excused his unscrupulous adoption of the published thoughts of Bergerac by saying, that when they were pupils together they used to suggest humorous fancies to each other, and that Bergerac afterwards made use of his ideas so freely that he only reclaimed his own in pillaging the whims he had suggested. No doubt there was some ground, but, I am very sure, not much, for this apology. Bergerac had wit of his own that was only too luxuriant, and there were few things which it was more natural in him to scorn than robbery of other people's brains. His whole life was a protest against it. He forswore obedience to all the ancients, threw stones into the temple of Aristotle, and in the consciousness of his own strength, claimed

freedom from all literary bondage. He himself suffered much from petty larceny, and this scrap from a letter full of humorous complaint against a literary thief, does not look like the writing of a man who would dish up for the public scraps filched from the waste heap even of Molière:—

He speaks (writes Bergerac of this purloiner of other men's ideas) as much as all books; and all books seem to have spoken only to produce him. He never opens his mouth except to commit larceny, and is so born to theft, that when he is silent it is only to rob the dumb. The ancients are Pagans, and the Pagans being now our enemies, he takes their property as right of war. His papers are cemeteries, in which are entombed the living and the dead. If, on the Day of Judgment, every man takes his own, the partition of his writings will give rise to the last quarrel among men. He claims that inasmuch as the twenty-four letters are as much his property as ours, he has the same right that we have to arrange them as he pleases. Aristotle being dead, other men live upon his lands, and why not also on his books? If this gentleman's manuscripts were on fire, by throwing water over them I should be saving my own property. We are friends. His works were my whole thought; and whenever I set myself to imagine anything, I think only of what he most probably will write.

It is not, indeed, quite true that the possession of wit is a proof of inability to borrow it from others. If that were so, Molière, whose genius transcended Bergerac's, would never have taken thoughts from his old friend. But Molière, servant of the court and public, was required to write incessantly; so that, without lacking humor, he might easily find it worth while to appear sometimes in the market as a borrower. Bergerac wrote only for his own amusement, and has left behind him no more than a single comedy, a single tragedy, a single tale, and a few letters.

His behavior when he first joined the society of Paris, as an ungoverned youth with money in his pocket, it has already been said was scandalous. His friend Le Bret, fearing lest want of occupation and position might in a few years destroy the prospects of a life, persuaded him to become his own companion in arms. Le Bret was in M. Carbon Castel-jaloux's company of the King's Body Guards, and Bergerac, upon his friend's recommendation, also entered it as a cadet. A position of this kind then implied real military service, and to a man so stout of heart and limb as young Cyrano, whom his Gascon friends called the Demon of Courage, and all Paris the Intrepid, it involved a great deal of fighting that was of a much less creditable kind. Duels used to be called affairs of honor, which, even within the last dozen years, no soldier has dared to decline. Duellists then chose seconds not to

stand by, but to be positive assistants in the combat. Brave soldiers were thus called upon incessantly to draw swords in the quarrels of their friends; and Bergerac, who was no churl, found his great physical power the occasion to him of frequent danger. Every man who had a duelling appointment, looked for a strong-handed and intrepid second. If any friend or chance acquaintance, therefore, was engaged to fight a duel, he made a point at once of asking the favor of M. Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac's assistance. Le Bret declares that, although he at one time had duelling appointments for almost every day in the year, and kept them all, Bergerac never once engaged in combat on account of any quarrel of his own.

He had a fine face with a commanding nose upon it, and I have seen it written of him that he resented any comment on its size, and fought not a few duels to maintain a due respect for it among his neighbors. There is no ground at all for this assertion. If his portrait may be trusted, the nose was such an one as many men who want a sign of power on their faces would be glad enough to own; Bergerac took it as a gift of nature in good part, and retaliated against any irreverent commentators by showing how the inhabitants of the moon destroy at birth all small-nosed infants, having no hope for their future. In his own quarrels he was prompt enough to point a joke against any antagonist, but he was not the man to point a sword. Companions, too, who were so eager to have him as a combatant on their own side, must have held his prowess in enough respect to cause them to avoid making him their antagonist in private battle. For Cyrano himself it was more than enough to be every man's second. In a letter to his most familiar friend, he speaks of the ugly scrawls which he was constantly receiving from men used to the perpetual handling of the sword, and says:—

Though I look like a man bursting with health, I have been sick for the last three weeks, during which my philosophy has been at the mercy of gladiators. I have been incessantly a victim to the *terce* and *quarte*. (We cannot translate the pun, since we may not call sword-thrusts *tertians* and *quartians*.) I should have lost all knowledge of paper, if it had not been the material on which challenges are scrawled. . . . I think it would be necessary for God to perform some miracle, as great as the wish of Caligula, to bring my battles to an end. If the whole human race, were set up with a single head, and of all the living there remained but one, there would be still a duel left for me to fight. Truly you were quite wrong the other day in calling me the first of men, for I protest, that for a month past, I have been second to everybody.

The joke is much neater in French:—*Je suis le second de tout le monde.*

By the references to his philosophy, that was at the mercy of gladiators, and to his having nearly lost all knowledge of paper, we are reminded that Cyrano was already acquiring philosophical ideas, and seeking happiness in literary occupation. He studied with great relish the writings of Descartes, who was then living, and in full possession of his fame. Descartes had in youth become a soldier for the sake of travel; he was once, like Bergerac, a student among fighting men, and not the less a fighting man himself. The first principle in the philosophy of Descartes, namely, that no old dictum was to tyrannize over an argument, but that everything asserted must be proved and proved afresh, precisely suited Bergerac's ideas; for, as we have seen, he hated blind subjection to authority. Himself disposed to swear by nobody—*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri* was the line Le Bret quoted to that effect in the description of his character. Cyrano used to declare that one literary man fed on the knowledge of another, and that he for his part only read books to detect their larcenies, and pull off their stolen clothes. Were he a judge, he said, he would deal more severely with a literary thief than with a highway robber, glory being more precious than dress, horse, or even gold. If he found anything new in a book, whatever might be its faults, he never blamed it. Thus the nature of the starting-point taken by Descartes, and his own taste for philosophical inquiries, sufficed to place Cyrano in the foremost rank of the admirers of that famous thinker.

Not only to philosophy, but also to poetry, was the attention of the young soldier directed. Even while in the camp, on active service, he found many hours that he could devote to reading and to writing. Le Bret says that he has seen him surrounded by the uproar of the guardroom and the swearing of his fellow-troopers, writing an elegy as quietly as if he were in a cabinet alone, with not a murmur near. Like all young poets—like all youths who have the ink-fever and are to turn out literary men, he began with heroic verse, and in due time broke out with a five-act tragedy. This is an eruption of a wholesome kind—a sort of measles in fact—which rarely fails to show itself among young members of the literary family. There are some men who, as children, have never had the measles, as there are some authors who have never written tragedies. But in any such case the disorder may yet break out even in old age, and then perhaps be very troublesome. In the case of Bergerac it appeared comparatively late, but was got over in a very favorable manner.

He was fond of the stage, and there is a story of his youthful license, which shows not only how much he could presume upon his personal strength and daring, but with how

weak a hand the law restrained young bloods from outrages against their fellow-subjects. Bergerac for some reason conceived wrath against the comedian Monfleury—probably he had been displeased with some of his performances—and he sentenced him to a month's banishment from the stage. Shortly afterwards Monfleury undertook to enact some part, and Bergerac, who was in the pit, rose when he appeared and called to him: "Off, sir, off! if you do n't wish to be pounded!" Monfleury made his exit, and abided by his sentence. He was a fat man. "The rascal, said Bergerac, "because he is so big round that you can't thrash the whole of him in a day, he gives himself airs of defiance!"

How redoubtable a young man Bergerac was, is shown by a story of him told and credited in his own day; given also by Le Bret, who names half-a-dozen men of note, then living, able to testify to its truth; though he himself was afraid to confess that he believed the whole of it. Near the ditch of the gate of Nesle, a friend of Bergerac's was fallen upon suddenly by a band of a hundred men armed and disguised. Bergerac flew to the rescue, and by his single aid put the entire band to rout, killing two of the assassins and wounding six. "I do not think the tale very incredible. Rogues, cowardly enough to fall by the hundred on a man with his mouth shut, are of course cowards enough to fly by the hundred from a man who shows his teeth.

Against the king's enemies also M. de Bergerac was called upon to display his prowess, and he earned what were called honorable scars. At the siege of Mousson a musket-ball passed through his body; and at the siege of Arras, in 1640, he was pierced in the neck. From these wounds he suffered much. By repeated invitation from his comrades to engage in duelling, his life was constantly imperilled. He had literary ambition, and no wish to die. Brave as he was, there was but little hope for him of promotion in the army, because he had no patron; and even if he had had one, his free humor would have caused him to disdain those services of overstrained civility by which he could have retained his favor. He for these reasons gave up the profession of arms, and devoted himself wholly to study.

It was then that the Marshal de Gassion offered to attach him to his person, but Cyrano shrank from what was to his mind a mere offer of bondage. His friends however took great pains to make it clear to him that he could never hope to achieve any success as a man of letters, if he had not the support of some grandee who would maintain his cause. It was to oblige his friends therefore that Bergerac, before publishing anything, sought a patron at court; and in 1653, when he was thirty-three years old, attached himself

to the duc d'Arpaion, to whom in the succeeding year he inscribed the first works that he printed—his tragedy, his comedy, and a few letters.

His life then was already near its close. Madame de Neuville, a pious and charitable woman, and a relation of his through the Berangers, had in a measure created him anew, and taught him to regard all criminal excess with horror. The libertine was in his eyes a monster. He became moderate in his eating, and forswore ragouts. He avoided wine, which he compared—oh, ye tee-totalers!—to arsenic, saying that everything was to be feared of that poison, in whatever form of preparation it might be presented. He entertained no feeling but one of the highest respect for women. He took pains to avoid selfishness in the disposal of his property. All the while he remained a wit and a philosopher, studying Descartes and revelling in an extravagance of satire. By the time he had quite purified his life and character, the populace was fairly brought to the conviction that Cyrano was an atheist. His independence of opinion had no doubt offended many priests, and he had taken no pains to secure to himself the defence of patrons. His tragedy, *The Death of Agrippina*, being on the story of Sejanus, represented that conspirator as a contemner of the gods. This is quite true to fact. Ben Jonson does the same. "What excellent fools," cries the Sejanus of Ben Jonson, "religion makes of men. Whenever the Sejanus of Bergerac said anything to that effect, the pit, which after the run of a few nights had learnt its cue, cried, "Ah, the atheist!" "Let us strike!" cried Bergerac's Sejanus of an evil omen. "*Frappons! Voilà l'hostie!*" A tumult arose in the pit—after some nights, he remembered—and there were shouts of "Ah, the sinner! Ah, the atheist! Hear how he speaks about the Holy Sacrament!"

This kind of persecution Bergerac bore with the quietness of a philosopher. He rejected utterly all vain tradition, whether it came to him from priest or pedant. The crime of his religion was, that he allowed no superstition to combine with it. As for his tragedy, he had no reason to be ashamed of that. He was ashamed of nothing but the sins of his youth; and because they were his one sorrow, he used to apply to himself in those his latter years the language of Tibullus:—

*Jam juvenem vides instet cum senior cetas
Mærentem stultos præterisse dies.*

The clamor of the ignorant did not deprive him of all friends, for of the multitude that had surrounded him, many remained true to him till death; and some—chief among whom was Le Bret—were faithful to his memory and mindful of his credit after he was gone. Bergerac died of a long illness, caused by a blow

on the head accidentally inflicted by himself. On his deathbed he observed that his court patron, the Duke d'Arpajon, in whose house indeed the fatal accident had happened, had deserted him. He died in 1655, when he was only thirty-five years old.

His *Voyages to the Sun and Moon* were left behind him fit for publication, as well as a half-satirical, half-philosophical treatise, called *The History of a Spark*, which some thief stole out of his sick chamber. The faithful Le Bret took charge of his friend's reputation, published next year the *Voyage to the Moon*, and in 1661 the *Voyage to the Sun*, finally collecting M. Bergerac's works into two volumes, in fulfilment of the trust committed to him by his friend, "to show," as he said, "that M. de Bergerac is not one of your common dead; that he remains with us, not to behave like an ugly ghost and frighten honest men, but to cheer us as he did when living, and to prove himself as full of jollity as ever." What kind of cheer his works afford we will endeavor now to show.

Bergerac's tragedy, *La Mort d'Agrippine*, is upon the story of Sejanus, and is very regular in form. I preserve the unities of place and time, having its action in the palace of Tiberius, and its events spread over not more than four-and-twenty hours. It is a tragedy containing four principal persons; and according to the old French custom, which saves trouble in the development of character by giving to a hero or a heroine a confidential cipher—to each of Bergerac's four figures there is appended such a cipher, for the increase of its value. The characters then are—Tiberius, with his confidant; Sejanus, with his confidant; Agrippina, widow of Germanicus, with her confidante; and Livilla (Ben Jonson's Livia), sister of Germanicus, with her confidante.

The story has of course the same historical foundation, but by no means the same dramatic development as the Sejanus of Ben Jonson. Bergerac's plot is well developed, begets striking situations, maintains the interest in a most orthodox way, is written with vigor and originality—nevertheless the play is far from satisfactory. Its leading character is not Sejanus, but Agrippina; and Bergerac's conception of Agrippina, meant to be great, is mean. That is the radical defect which abases the whole value of the tragedy. She first appears full of a sublime grief for her husband's fate—the widow of a hero uttering heroic things, and proposing a stern offering to the manes of the dead Germanicus. But her vengeance consists only in trickery. She allows Sejanus to believe that he may aspire to share a throne with her, cheats him with words of double meaning, and so lures him to destruction. In doing this she excites the jealousy of her sister-in-law, Livilla, who for love

of Sejanus has sinned much. Livilla, who is in the secret of all plots, is at last urged, in a frenzy of wrath, to become traitress; and by opening the eyes of Tiberius, she precipitates a catastrophe which crushes both her paramour and Agrippina with a single blow. Agrippina had taken thought on her own account. She had deluded Sejanus, and had hoped to cheat Tiberius by falsehood and hypocrisy; when therefore she dies bravely at last, we do not care. We say, "By all means let her die, for she has not been behaving as a Roman matron should." Against the hypocrisy of Agrippina even the crimes of Livilla show to advantage. Hers is a real love—a womanly madness. With all her crimes upon her head, we like her when upon her madness despair follows—when the ruin of Sejanus makes her careless of herself, and she replies with a high spirit to the marvel of Tiberius at her own complicity in the designs she has betrayed:—

TIBERIUS.

Even my son's wife in the plot against me!

LIVILLA.

Yes, even I, son's wife and brother's child,
Against thee raised the dagger—against thee,
My uncle and my father; in one crime
A hundred crimes would have created this
A sin without a name. Thy favorite,
Thy niece, thy cousin, and thy daughter, I,
Bound to myself by all the ties of blood,
Triumphed in bringing all thy kindred on
To do the murder with a single hand.
My stroke of vengeance was to have profaned
All the degrees of blood relationship—
Killed thee in spite of nature as of law.
All who are of thy blood in my revolt
Were to have published how a tyrant finds
In his own house, though but a daughter's there,
His executioner.
My husband I have murdered. A worse deed
I would have done to be no more the wife
Of any son of thine. His wife I was
That in my children I might dominate
Over thy race, and at my will pour out
The blood constrained to filter through my flesh.

At least this lady is plain spoken, and we like her for it. Lying is infinitely worse than murder in a hero or a heroine of tragedy. Altogether Livilla is the most sincere person in the play. Sejanus cheats her, pretends that he is not indisposed to sacrifice Agrippina for the satisfaction of her jealousy, and directly afterwards pooh-poohs Terentius, his confidant, who, wondering at such acquiescence, exclaims upon his idea of sacrificing Agrippina to the object of his professed adoration, that, "The victim will be nobler than the god." Sejanus explains that he hates Livilla. Poor wicked Livilla! we are bound to pity her, by all the laws of art. The part of the character of Sejanus which has been best expressed by Bergerac is that proud con-

tempt of the gods which was a part of him.
"Rome," say Terentius to him—

Rome, as thou knowest, is monarchical,
Not long enduring aristocracy.
The Roman eagle finds it hard to mount
Carrying more than one man on her wings.
Respect and fear the thunder of the gods!

SEJANUS.

It never strikes the earth in winter time.
I have six months at least to mock the gods in,
After which I will make my peace with heaven.

TERENTIUS.

These gods will overturn all thy designs.

SEJANUS.

A little incense lifts them up again.

TERENTIUS.

Whoso fears them—

SEJANUS.

Fears nothing. Bugaboos,—
Fancies that we adore we know not why,—
Floaters upon the blood of beasts that we strike
dead—
Gods that we make, and not gods that make us—
Phantom supporters of our firm estate.
Go, go, Terentius. Who fears them, fears no-
thing.

TERENTIUS.

But did they not exist, this mundane sphere—

SEJANUS.

Did they exist, could I unscathed stand here?

So again, when Sejanus has a cruel death
before him, Agrippina, seeing the bold front
he offers to it, says—

You're proof against so sad a spectacle.

SEJANUS.

It is but death, which moves me not at all.

AGRIPPINA.

And this uncertainty of all beyond?

SEJANUS.

Could I be wretched, ceasing to exist?
An hour after my death the vanished soul
Is what it was an hour before my birth.

Presently afterwards he adds in the same
strain—

Why with regret say farewell to the day,
That we cannot regret when gone away.
By no death-stroke is good or evil brought,—
For while we live, we live; dead, we are nought.

It was in these passages, by which Bergerac
represented the Roman conspirator as *soldat*
philosophe, that the French public, led by its
priests, saw infidelity. They belong, as it
need scarcely be said, properly to the person
by whom they are spoken. Ben Jonson had

to put in the mouth of the same character
sentiments of precisely the same import. One
passage of this kind I have already quoted.
In another place the Sejanus of Ben Jonson
asks of some interlocutor, does he—

Think the gods, like flies,
Are to be taken with the steam of flesh,
Or blood diffused about their altars—think
Their power as cheap as I esteem it small?

He scorns in another dialogue, "Thy juggling
mystery, religion." He swears in the
hour of peril—

By you that fools call gods,
When I do fear again, let me be struck
With fork fire and unpitied die.
Who fears is worthy of calamity.

Bergerac's tragedy consisted of well-pointed
lines in the rhymed heroic metre proper to
such works in France. His comedy, *Le Pe-
dant Joué*, was written in prose, and is remark-
able as being the earliest specimen of prose
comedy in French literature. Molière af-
terwards wrote many, and adopted also an-
other innovation which was in the first in-
stance introduced by Bergerac—namely, the
production upon the stage of a peasant speak-
ing in his own *patois*.

Le Pedant Joué—Puzzling a Pedant—re-
minds us by its title of Cyrano's detestation of
all pedantry. Just as Lesage, disgusted in
youth by the villany of the farmers of revenue,
made them the theme of his first comedy, and
held them up to scorn in Turcaret, so Berge-
rac, vexed in his youth by pedants, held up
one of the class to ridicule in his first comedy
as Monsieur Granger, and exposed him in effi-
gy to a remorseless persecution. Pedantry
never dies, but the form of it which insulted
the understanding of Bergerac is now so ob-
solete, that in speaking of this comedy, I shall
not take the trouble to reproduce any of Mon-
sieur Granger's puerilities of logic and affected
modes of speech. He takes an early oppor-
tunity in conversation with a braggart Nor-
man captain of breaking out into some of
those idle rhymes to which I have already re-
ferred, and inflicts on the captain seventy or
eighty lines all ending in "if." Of Captain
Chateaufort, the Norman Bobadil, a sketch
will, I think, be amusing, and I shall dwell
chiefly on his character in speaking of Cyra-
no's comedy. His unrestrained extravagance
of boasting now and then steps across from
the ridiculous to the sublime.

He appears in the first scene with Mon-
sieur Granger, the pedant, as one of three
suitors for his daughter's hand. As becomes
a candidate for the vacant son-in-lawship he
gives an account of his family and character.
"Nature and art," he says, "quarrelled over
the creation of him; he therefore created

himself a long time ago, when the gods of Olympus were in a weakened and divided state. He ate some of them, and imbibed into his own person their qualities." Possibly Bergerac really had then in his mind the doctrine of his countrymen concerning the divine wafer in the sacrament. If so, the satire was too farfetched to be perceived. Presently afterwards he claims Diana for his mother. She said to his mighty father, "You are an Alexander, I am an Amazon; let us produce a plus-quam Mars, useful to the human race, who, after carrying death to the four quarters of the globe, shall found a kingdom on which the sun never sets." The satire there was obvious enough. To Granger's doubts as to his fortune, he replies, "I will make of America and China a courtyard to your house; but the pedant, who becomes angry at the captain's impudence, begins to promise him, *primo*, a demonstration, *item*, an addition of thrashing, *hinc*, a fracture of arms, *illinc*, a subtraction of legs, then such a multiplication of blows, thumps, kicks, etc., etc., etc.; that afterwards the eye of a sphinx could not find wherewith to make further divisions of his miserable atoms. Finally, however, Granger engages the captain to commence hostilities against La Tremblaye, another of the suitors. For, as he reflects to himself, he has but one daughter, and is offered three sons-in-law; one of them says that he is brave, but Monsieur Granger knows the contrary; another says that he is rich, but Monsieur Granger cannot tell; another says that he has gentle blood, but Monsieur Granger only knows that he has a very hungry stomach.

It next appears that the pedant is himself in love, and that his own son is his rival. He proposes to get his son out of the way by sending him to Venice, but the son is obstinate and will not go. An amusing scene between father and son follows, in which the son is denounced as mad whenever he expresses his resolve to stop at home, and flattered as a model of discretion whenever he is terrified into a consent to go abroad. The youth's purpose and the father's mood vary together. In the next place, however, we discover that the young man is aided by the wit of one of those roguish serving-men who are well known to all readers of comedy. This genius, named Corbinelli, advises his master to set out as if for Venice, and himself presently returns to the pedant with shocking news of his son's capture by Turkish pirates on their way by water to St. Cloud. They went on board the Turkish galley when they had scarcely left the coast, and the young man was immediately made a prisoner. Monsieur Granger is cajoled out of money for his ransom. Nothing could be more extravagant, and nothing merrier, than this whole scene, which is one of

those taken by Molière and introduced into the *Fourberies de scapin*. In that place it has become famous, and through that channel the pedant's frequently recurring expostulation—*Que diable allais tu faire dans cette galère?*—has passed into a proverb. *Que diable aller faire aussi dans la galère d'un Turc? Dun Turc!* *Que diable allais tu faire dans cette galère?* The only revenge taken by the old man on Corbinelli, who affects a dread lest the Turks should devour him when he goes back with the money, is to assure him that, being Mussulmen, they don't eat pigs. The old man's purse is of course taken into the hostile camp, which is the house of the lady to whose hand he and his son aspire.

But the unlucky pedant is exposed to a great many more perplexities. The three suitors for his daughter vex him sadly. Upon the suitor who claims to be rich, a peasant with a peasant's tongue and fist, the Captain Chateaufort falls by mischance, and very soon the peasant's staff falls on the captain's shoulders. "I have fought in my life," brags the captain, while his back still aches, "I have fought seventy thousand combats, and always killed my adversary, without leaving him time for confession. I am heart all over, you can wound me nowhere without killing me.—(Thump goes the stick again, and thump, thump, thump. I give not the words, but the substance, of the captain's running comment.) I cannot tell, young man, why it is that I feel drawn towards you with so much affection. Either you are my own son, or you exercise a charm over my mind because you have a devil. If you be my son, Heaven forbid that I should slay you; if you be a demoniac, you are not answerable for your actions. Heaven forbid that I should call you to account. (Thump, thump.) For my wrath, young man, is terrible. It is a national calamity. I have waved my hat and sunk fleets with the wind of it. Do you desire to know how many I have killed? Set down a 9, and put as many grains of sand after it as all deserts and seas contain, turn them to noughts, and there you have the number of my slain. (Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump.) I cannot tell how it is, but I am resolved now to be beaten. But I find it difficult, let me tell you, to restrain my rage. I must take care to put a guard upon myself. I will procure two constables to walk with me and see that I am not again beaten, lest, being struck, my wrath be awakened and a disaster happen; for when I am angry it is hard to tell what I may do. I am a man to blow the sun out like a candle."

The peasant with the ready hand has next an interview with the pedant, who at first pays great deference to him on account of the extent of real and personal estate which he claims to possess. The countryman is honest

in his self-assertion, but as it finally becomes apparent, through much obfuscation and bewilderment, caused by his anything but pedantic mode of speech, that his estimate of wealth is rather different to that common among inhabitants of towns, Monsieur Granger sends him away unceremoniously without his dinner.

The pedant then takes thought on behalf of his own courtship, and sends his man, Paquier, who is as simple as the son's man is sharp, to Genevieve, that is the name of the young lady who has at her feet both son and father. Paquier is to take a loving message, of which the purport is to appoint an interview, and he is especially charged, in discoursing about his master, to speak as of a lover, and talk only about fire, and flames, and cinders. The man does his bidding very literally. Genevieve affects great tenderness towards Monsieur Granger; Paquier represents him as a man half-roasted and grimy through constant sitting with his nose over the fire. Genevieve speaks of the pedant fondly; Paquier takes pains to bring her discourse to the right topic, and asks after her winter stock of fagots; for his master, he assures her, will want plenty of fire. The confusion, and with it the fun of the scene heightens. Paquier has stuck to his point, but is beginning to fail for want of matter, when he remembers suddenly the fire of St. Elmo. The lady asks questions about the gentleman, which Paquier sets aside, because it suddenly occurs to him to ask about the forth-coming St. John's fires, and whether Mademoiselle Genevieve will take part in the festivities connected with them. She abides by M. Granger for her topic, bids the man go and says she burns for him. Paquier brightens up; she has come to the point at last, and on he goes with spirit: "Yes, and as I have heard master say, there are three fires in the world, madame; the first central, the second vital, the third elemental. The first fire has three subsidiary fires, differing only by accidents—the fire of collision, the fire of attraction, and the fire of position." Paquier, who is resolved to be a good friend to his master, next hauls into discourse a wild fire that he had seen once dancing on the moor. At his wits' end, he is reduced to wishing Genevieve St. Anthony's fire, and then cries to himself in despair, where the devil can another fire be found? After a little beating of his brains, he returns to the charge with, *Feu votre père et feu votre mère, avaient-ils fort aimé feu leurs parents?* and more in the same vein.

Monsieur Granger however understands that he is to have an interview with Genevieve, and has it. The lady worries him much, and tells him—with many a ha, ha, ha, and hi, hi, hi—of the tricks that have been played upon him. Here again Molière has found the scene

good, and annexed the greater part of it, which stands almost unaltered, except as regards the names of the speakers, as the third scene of the third act of the *Fourberies de scapin*. The scene ends, according to Bergerac, with a mischief-meaning assignation. Genevieve is sister to La Tremblaye, the gentle swain to Granger's daughter. While the pedant is abroad haunting the doors of Genevieve, La Tremblaye is to run off with Mademoiselle Granger, and marry her. So ends the third act of the comedy.

The scene of the next act is before the lady's window, in the road, at night. The pedant is there playing Romeo, and his man Paquier is there, with a ladder, to assist his love. A great deal of burlesque pantomime work is contrived with the ladder, master, and man, being fooled in the dark by Corbinelli. Corbinelli is then seen approaching the house door. "What is that?" says the pedant. "Look yonder!" says Paquier. "Tis your soul: you gave it yesterday to Mademoiselle Genevieve. Not being yours, it has left you." "Speak!" Granger cries; "who art thou?" Corbinelli answers, in a mighty speech, that he is the great devil Vauvert, who has done this, who has done that, who has done the other thing, reciting an enormous catalogue of horrid exploits. "This devil," Paquier observes, when he has finished speaking, "has n't lived with his hands in his pockets." "What do you augur from this?" asks his master. "I augur," says Paquier, "it's a she-devil, it is so full of talk."

La Tremblaye, as if alarmed by the noise outside, enters then against M. Granger, crying "Thieves!" and Chateaufort makes his appearance; but is unable to assist the father of his mistress in this great extremity, or use his sword, "made of a leg of the scissors of Atropos," because he submits to be taken prisoner by La Tremblaye, at the request of the universe. Then enters Manon, the pedant's daughter, professing that from her own chamber she has heard the cries that told her of her father's danger. "Ah, M. de la Tremblaye," she cries, "spare my father, and accept me as his ransom. I was waiting for him in the college, when I heard the disturbance in the street." "But," says M. Granger, "I am not to be tricked in that way, mademoiselle. You shall not marry this man, I forbid it." "Ah, Monsieur de la Tremblaye," Manon weeps, "my poor dear father, I see by your eyes that you are going to kill him." In this manner Granger is at last brought to consent that La Tremblaye shall have his daughter, upon condition of his own marriage with Genevieve, La Tremblaye's sister. Chateaufort then contrives to provoke a few more blows, and as they fall he counts them. He gets twelve. "Ah, twelve!" he says, "now that is fortunate; I

was under a vow to bear as far as twelve; if you had struck me a thirteenth time I should have been constrained to kill you." Instantly he receives the thirteenth blow in the shape of a kick that floors him. "Well!" he says, "I was just going to lie down."

Monsieur Granger having arranged, as he thinks, a speedy marriage with Genevot, becomes a little anxious on the subject of his son and rival. He therefore bribes Corbinelli to keep him effectually out of the way by making him drunk at a cabaret, and maintaining him in that state until his father's wedding shall be over. Upon this foundation a new scheme is built by Corbinelli for the advantage of the lovers. His master is to feign death. Corbinelli will go, in despair, to Granger, saying that he had performed his bidding only too well, for that his young master had, alas! met with his death in a drunken quarrel. Genevot is then to be in distress, and reveal to the pedant that she had once made a vow to the young man to marry him alive or dead. All bar to the old man's hopes being removed, at least she might entreat the melancholy satisfaction of having fulfilled her vow to his son by going through a form of marriage with his corpse. Granger would consent easily to so conscientious a desire; Genevot would be married to the body of her lover, which would then get up and be thankful. Paquier, coming to the bottom of this scheme, reveals it to the pedant, and so the fourth act ends.

In the last act, Corbinelli comes to the pedant with his story, bringing, as we should say, coals to Newcastle — as M. Granger tells him, "shells to the pilgrim." The old man exults, and the young people are in a sad perplexity. Corbinelli constructs then a new battery and opens fire. Everybody becomes complaisant. Monsieur Granger is in the right, and of course he must marry Genevot, and there shall be festivities, there must be fun in the house, and they will act a play. By all means a play. Arrangements are then made for private theatricals, which are so contrived as to be an amusing satire on the public stage and the performers generally of Bergerac's time. Captain Chateaufort and the other *dramatis personæ* apply at the door for admission as spectators. The captain contributes nothing. "I give enough," he tells Paquier, who is constituted porter for the occasion, "I give enough in taking away nothing. I do immense good when I do no harm." Author of the piece, as well as stage-manager and prompter, is Corbinelli. M. Granger has an easy part assigned to him: it is to sit in a chair and take care not to speak a word. He represents a cruel father. Genevot is a fair lady, and the pedant's son makes love to her. Granger finds his path by no means easy. He needs perpetual reminding that a comedy is not the business of life; that

everything done in a play is make-believe. In a little time he has become very much impressed with the fact that he is engaged in private theatricals, that he puts out the players by his blunders, and spoils the amusement of his friends. He is ashamed of the frequent admonitions of the prompter, and when a man is introduced dressed as a notary, and the distressed lovers sign a document, which Corbinelli says must be supposed to be their marriage contract, and it is brought to Granger in his chair, and as he is told that it is in his part, as the father who proves generous at bottom, to countersign the supposed document, he writes his name where he is told to write it. Very soon afterwards he discovers that the notary is a real notary, the contract a real contract, and that his son has, with his own assent, been marrying Genevot before his face. That is the last trick played upon the pedant, and with it the comedy of *Le Pedant Joué* ends.

From this very brief outline it may, perhaps, be seen that Bergerac's comedy does not lack vigor and vivacity. It exactly hit the manners of the time, was full of bustle and good fun, which must have provoked incessant laughter. The military braggart of those times, depicted by so many dramatists, is now a character entirely obsolete, and college pedantry now furnishes less manifest material for ridicule. Affectations of speech run in a new channel; we have almost outgrown the years when it was the conceit and pedantry of lovers to discourse to their mistresses of flames and cinders. In his own time Bergerac's satire was well pointed and well aimed: his wit was genuine, and still has its effect: the exuberance of life in him still can enliven those who read his works. The plot of the *Pedant Joué* is extravagant, and so are many of its scenes; but if the extravagance was mirthful, it was accounted no demerit on the stage for which he wrote. From wandering farce-actors, who played the pieces of Monchretien or Balthazar Baro, purchased of their authors at ten crowns a-piece, the Comic Muse of France had only then commenced her appeal to better tastes. It was not till about the year 1630 that Pierre Corneille produced comedies in verse that were "legitimate" productions, if not very good. Bergerac's comedy was the first that appeared in prose. It is the oldest play in its department of French drama, and what Boileau calls the *burlesque audace* of Bergerac is scarcely more manifest in that than in some of the maturest works of Molière. What is there in the *Pedant Joué* more absurd (or more amusing) than the conversion of M. Jourdain into a Mamamouchi, or the very last scene Molière enacted, the admission of Argan to the Faculty of Physic. Let this also be remembered. Molière and Bergerac were both born in the same year, 1620. Bergerac died at the age of thirty-five.

Had Molière died at the same time, Bergerac would have survived as the greater man of the two, for Molière had then written only two verse-comedies of no great merit — *L'Étourdi* and *Le Dépit Amoureux*. Far better than either is that third work by Bergerac, *The Account of a Voyage to the Moon*, which is said to have influenced Swift in the writing of his *Gulliver*, and by which the wits of other men of note seem to have been stimulated. Appended to it was a second *History of Travels in the Sun*, by the same author; and both were, after a short time (in 1687), translated into English by A. Lovell, Master of Arts.

Though itself aiding in the production of other works of a like kind, I think it pretty certain that Bergerac's *Journey to the Moon* never would have been made if Lucian had never visited the empire of Endymion, and fought on his side with hippogriffs against Phæton and his Nephelocentaurs. Had Lucian not woven an extravagant tissue of impossibilities to ridicule the tales of travels told by Ctesias of Cnidos, and the account given of the Great Sea by Iambulus, Bergerac's pleasant satire probably would never have appeared. But the extravagance of Bergerac meant more than a burlesque on the extravagant. His work was what Lucian's is not, and Swift's is—a comprehensive satire on the men and manners of his time. Herein lies its chief merit and interest. It is interesting also for the large admixture of serious philosophy, in the shape of sound astronomical information and much reasoning drawn from Descartes, which it seems to have been Cyrano's wish to popularize by introducing it in an amusing way among amusing matter. The satire, too, in its most extravagant flights has often so wise a thoughtfulness to nerve its wing, that the reader of the book, however much he may be made to laugh, soon feels it to be anything but a trifle by whom he is addressed. A short notice of this book must end our account of Bergerac.

Designing, if possible, to reach the sun by encasing himself in bottles of dew, and rising as the dew was drawn up by the sunbeams, Cyrano tried the experiment, but through the bursting of some of his bottles and other accidents, he came to earth again. He fell, however, at a great distance from home, in New France or Canada. Hurt by his fall, he was nursed at the governor's house, and had talk with the governor on many things, and among others on the doctrine of the earth's movement. The governor cited to him the opinion of a learned father, who believed that the earth moves, but not for the reason given by Copernicus; but—I quote Lovell's translation when I quote at all—"because hell fire being shut up in the centre of the earth, the damned, who make a great bustle to avoid its flames,

scramble up to the vault as far as they can from them, and so make the earth to turn, as a turnspit makes the wheel go round when he runs about." Bergerac, it should be said, was not afraid of mother church, for, said he, "there can be no harm in offending the Pope, he is so full of indulgences."

Not forgetful of his desire to mount, Bergerac made a flying machine in Canada, and started with it, but soon fell to the ground, and was sorely bruised. His bruises were anointed with marrow, and he tried his machine again one night, aiding its ascent by jets of fireworks fastened about its circumference. The machine again proved unfortunate, but when it fell, Bergerac was surprised to find that he continued rising. The reason of this was that the moon was then on the wane, and it is usual for her when in that quarter to suck up the marrow of animals. Bergerac therefore, being covered with marrow, rose. When about three quarters of the way were completed, he ceased rising, and began to fall, but he still fell towards the moon, by whose mass, it being smaller than the earth, he had not before been acted upon so as to feel the full force of its centre. He first saw in the moon a mortal, who explained how he had risen by the use of a magnetic bowl. Presently he was found by the natives, who are men walking on all fours, and taken by them into their chief town.

Then (he says) when the people saw that I was so little (for most of them are twelve cubits long), and that I walked only upon two legs, they could not believe me to be a man; for they were of opinion that nature having given to men as well as beasts two legs and two arms, they should make use of both of them alike. And, indeed, reflecting upon that since, that situation of body did not seem to me altogether extravagant, when I called to mind, that whilst children are still under the nurture of nature they go upon all four, and that they rise not on their two legs but by the care of their nurses, who set them on little running chairs, and fasten straps to them, to hinder them from falling on all four, as the only posture that the shape of our body naturally inclines to rest in. They said then, as I had it interpreted to me since, that I was infallibly the female of the queen's little animal; and therefore, as such, or somewhat else, I was carried straight to the town-house, where I observed by the muttering and gestures both of the people and magistrates, that they were consulting what sort of a thing I could be.

In this situation Bergerac had many experiences, and one visitor, from whom he learnt much, proved to be no less a personage than the demon of Socrates, who gave him a satirical sketch of his own history; and as to his living in the moon, added, "that which makes me to continue here is because the men are great lovers of truth; have no pedants among them; that the philosophers are never per-

suaded but by reason, and that the authority of a doctor, or of a great number, is not preferred before the opinion of a thresher in a barn, if he has right on his side. In short none are reckoned madmen in this country but sophisters and orators. Having escaped from his showman by aid of the friendly demon, Bergerac saw more at large what life was in the moon. Among other things he found that it was inhabited by a spiritual people, living much, not upon gross flesh, but upon the steams arising from cooked food. This is the only idea directly taken from the account of Lucian. "The men in the moon," Lucian wrote, "kindle a fire, and then broil frogs upon the coals, (which in that country fly in vast numbers in the air), and when they are broiled enough, they sit about a table, and licking the smoke or steam that comes from them, they think they dine like princes. And this is the food that nourishes them." Bergerac, asking for more solid fare, was taken early the next morning to the innkeeper's garden, where the larks were fired at, and fell ready roasted. For those people know how to mingle with their powder and shot a composition that kills, plucks, roasts, and seasons the fowls all at once. When the time came for departure, Bergerac's guide, who was the demon in the body of a man of the moon, paid their scot in verse, the money of the country. For their supper, bed and breakfast, the charge was three couplets, equal to six verses. They might live well, the demon explained, since a week's pampering of their appetites would not cost a sonnet, and he had four about him, besides two epigrams, two odes, and an eclogue.

"Would to God," said I (Bergerac goes on), "would to God," said I, "it were so in our world; for I know a good many honest poets there, who are ready to starve, and who might live plentifully if that money would pass in payment." I farther asked him, "If those verses would always serve if one transcribed them." He made answer, "No," and so went on—"When an author has composed any, he carries them to the mint, where the sworn poets of the kingdom sit in court. There these versifying officers assay the pieces, and if they be judged sterling, they are rated not according to their coin—that's to say, that a sonnet is not always good as a sonnet—but according to the intrinsic value of the piece. So that if any one starve he must be a blockhead, for men of wit make always good cheer."

Being soon afterwards captured and associated with the queen's little animal, of which he had heard so much, Bergerac found the creature to be a Spaniard, who had by some means reached the moon, and who was kept as a curiosity, together with the queen's birds and an ape in a Spanish dress. The two pri-

soners were able to converse in the Latin language upon questions of philosophy; and as it became apparent that they were not mates, a question arose among the learned men of the moon as to what these little creatures were. Either they were wild men or they were birds. The latter theory being made probable by their hopping on two legs, while there was much to urge against the other notion, Bergerac was put by himself into a cage, and the queen's bird-keeper came daily to teach him to whistle.

In time he learned more than whistling: he acquired the language of the moon. In learning it, he was aided by a queen's chambermaid, who used to visit his cage much, and whose pet bird especially he was. As soon as he could talk, there was fresh marvelling; and he showed much wit, and won so greatly upon visitors, as to make it necessary that an edict should be issued, letting all people know that what he said was not done through reason, but, let it be done never so wittily, through instinct alone. Nevertheless doubts arose, and a convention of the learned was assembled to decide whether the strange bird was indeed a reasonable being. He was brought before the court, and being questioned on philosophy, held closely to his Aristotle. He was declared to be a kind of ostrich, which is a very stupid bird, and sent back to his cage. The friendly demon always visited him there, and told him many things: for example, he was told that in case of war arising between two states in the moon, care is taken for the even matching of the troops on either side, in order that those who are physically strong may not oppress the weak, but that the contest may be one of spirit and of valor only. They also in time of war decide the fate of empires often by the conferences of learned, witty, and judicious men, holding one victory by force of argument to be worth three by force of arms. Another investigation of Bergerac's case being demanded, he was re-examined, but as he abided by his old philosophy and his old account of himself, it was again held that he was a bird, perhaps a parrot. But if he was an accountable creature, as he wished to be considered, he was liable to heavy penalties, and to these he was indeed afterwards condemned; for, on his continual assertion that he came from a world which was their moon, and that their world was his moon, it was resolved that he who thus taught heretically that the moon was a world and the world a moon, should be reputed a man, and condemned to punishment or retraction, "because of the scandal that the novelty of that opinion might give to weak brethren." He was saved only by the interposition of the demon.

Soon afterwards Bergerac was taken to sup in company with some philosophers, with whom

he conversed at large, and among whom he observed the great respect and deference paid by the old to the young. In justification of this custom, an admirable *ex parte* case is made out against the claim of old men to superiority of wisdom. Bergerac knew that it would give offence; but he said, they who are old have once been young, "therefore by repeating these things I have obliged all men, and only disobliged but half." He saw an old man quit the supper table (it was a supper of steams sent up from the kitchen), and found that he retired to sup apart, being opposed to the wanton cruelty of vegetable diet. He was one who considered it less sinful to massacre a man than to cut and kill a cabbage, because one day the man will live again, but the cabbage has no other life to hope for. By putting to death a cabbage you annihilate it; by killing a man, you only make him change his habitation.

The dæmon of Socrates then said to Bergerac:—

Knowing that in your world the government of health is too much neglected, I will tell you something of the care we here take of our lives. In all houses there is a physiognomist entertained by the public, who in some manner resembles your physicians, save that he prescribes only to the healthful; and judges of the different manner how we are to be treated, only according to the proper figure and symmetry of our members; by the features of the face, the complexion, the softness of the skin, the agility of the body, the sound of the voice, and the color, strength, and hardness of the hair. Did you not just now mind a man of a pretty low stature who eyed you? He was the physiognomist of the house; assure yourself that according as he has observed your constitution, he hath diversified the exhalations of your supper. Mark the quilt on which you lie, how distant it is from our couches. Without doubt he judged your constitution to be far different from ours, since he feared that the odor which escapes from these little pinkies that stand under our noses might reach you, or that yours might steam to us. At night the flowers upon which you sleep will be, no doubt, chosen with like circumspection.

Another of Bergerac's ideas concerning wholesomeness arises out of his surprise, one day when out for a walk, at hearing of some malefactor condemned to die in his bed, and then be put into a hole in the earth, followed by a hundred and fifty men in black, mocking his remains with a burlesque of sorrow. This surprised the stranger, who had been accustomed to believe no end more desirable. In the moon, he was told, the dead bodies are all burnt, except only those of malefactors, which are doomed to be crawled over by worms, and left to the discretion of toads, which feed on their cheeks. This happens after they have been ignominiously laid in a pit, and had a pike's-depth of earth thrown over their mouths.

"But," said Bergerac, "we call that honorable burial." "Honorable," cried they of the moon—"the plague clothed in the body of a man!"

Presently follows this account of the last days of an inhabitant of the moon, who is mortally sick:—

Every one embraces him; and when it comes to his turn whom he loves best, having kissed him, affectionately leaning upon his bosom, and joining mouth to mouth, with his right hand he sheathes a dagger in his heart. The loving friend parts not his lips from his friend's lips till he finds him expired; and then pulling out the steel, and putting his mouth close to the wound, he sucks his blood, till a second succeeds him, then a third, fourth, and so on all the company.

They then fill the house with enjoyment, and during three or four days, whilst they are tasting the pleasures of love, they feed on nothing but the flesh of the deceased.

I interrupted this discourse (continues Bergerac), saying to him that told me all, that this manner of acting much resembled the ways of some people of our world, and so pursued my walk, which was so long, that when I came back dinner had been ready two hours.

He was asked by his hosts, on being so late, why he had not ascertained how the time was going. He had endeavored to do so, he replied, and had inquired the time of a vast number of people, but they did no more than hold up their heads and show their teeth at him. He was informed then that his question had in each case been answered; for, that by turning his face up to the sun, any person in the moon could convert his well proportioned nose into the gnomon of a sun-dial, and that to such a dial the teeth served as a convenient row of figures. Bergerac had only in each case to observe upon which tooth the shadow of the nose fell, to get a perfect answer to his question.

At this time Bergerac entertained serious thoughts of a return to earth, by help of his friendly dæmon, from whom he received, as parting gifts, two books—one of them contained the Histories of the Sun and of a Spark; the purpose of the other was to prove that everything is true, that black is white, that nothing is something, and that what is is not without the use of any captious or sophistical argument. These books were executed after the manner usual in the moon, so as to address themselves to the ears, not to the eyes. Each was composed of cunningly contrived machinery, with springs and wheels, so that whosoever desired to be informed by it had only to wind it up, and turn the hand to whatever chapter he might wish to read. Their books being made in this way, children in the moon can read as soon as they can speak, and the machinery is so small, and enclosed in cases so

elegant — one in diamond, another in pearl — that a traveller may hang books to his ears as pendants, and so he who reads may run.

But inasmuch as this account of Bergerac has been communicated by a much less easy process, and the reader's eyes may have begun to grow weary of the theme, I shall only add that the adventurous traveller did safely return to earth. At first, as he came down, he could distinguish the two continents, Europe and Africa; then he observed a volcano, and per-

ceived a strong odor of brimstone; then he fell into the midst of briars on the side of a hill, where he was seen presently by shepherds who spoke Italian. Little heed was paid to him by these people, but he was barked at violently by their dogs, and until he had aired his clothes he excited a great barking of dogs wherever he appeared; for those animals, being used to bay the moon, smelt that he came from thence.

H. M.

SPIRIT WHISPERS.

On the wall the fire-light casteth .
Shadows dark and grim;
In the socket burns the taper
Faintly now and dim;
And the winds without are sighing
A funereal hymn.

I am sitting in my chamber
Silent and alone;
Voices to my spirit whisper
In a sad low tone
Of the days that now are numbered
With the past and gone.

And as back my spirit turneth
To the silent Past,
Shadowing mem'ries round it cluster,
Cluster thick and fast;
And around it as by magic,
A weird spell they cast.

Far away amid the shadows,
In the distant gray,
Are the happy dreams and visions
Of my childhood's day;
And like the golden star-rays shining,
Round my soul they play.

Later years with all their thirstings
Press upon my heart;
All their deep unspoken yearnings,
Up around me start
Like dim spectres, and I cannot
Bid them to depart.

There I see the earnest longings
That my heart could thrill;
Longing for some unknown pleasure
Its dull void to fill;
Pleasures that could calm my spirit
And its rude waves still;

And I see too, strivings after
All things strange and new;
Yearnings deep for all things holy—
For the pure, the true;
Things the earthly veil enshroudeth
From the spirit's view.

And they cry to me, those spectres,
"Still unsatisfied
Round thy spirit's inner temple,
Must we e'er abide?
Why unto our feverish thirstings
Is the draught denied!"

All my soul within me trembleth,
Trembleth in its dread;
For those forms to me are frightful
As the sheeted dead;
And I know not how to answer
This that they have said.

Now upon the dark cloud shineth
Clear and heavenly light;
Never golden sunset radiance
Gleamed so pure and bright;
All my inmost soul rejoiceth
At the glorious sight.

And a voice as soft as flutterings
Of a seraph's wings,
Murmurs, "I alone can answer
These stern questionings;
I alone reveal to mortals,
These mysterious things.

"When the spirit bursts its fetters,
And from earth is free,
Then the yearnings of its nature,
Satisfied shall be;
It shall drink of living waters
Through Eternity."

Brighter burns the glorious radiance,
And it waveth now
Crowns of star beams pure and silvery
For each shadowy brow;
Till those forms seem like the angels
Who in heaven bow.

Earnestly they're pointing upward
To the golden throne;
Whispering with loving voices,
In a soft low tone,
"We are sent to guide thy spirit
To the Holy One."

Independent.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE GREAT CARRAC.

ONE of the most important events recorded in the earlier naval annals of England, is the capture of a large Portuguese ship, named the *Madre del Dios*, but better known to our ancestors by the more familiar appellation of the Great Carrac.* We use the word important advisedly, though, as a feat of arms, a distinguished demonstration of nautical skill and indomitable valor, the capture of this vessel was merely one among the long series of naval victories that from an early period had attended the auspicious fortunes of the British flag. From the time of King Alfred, the English had ever claimed the supremacy of, at least, the narrow seas; and the defeat and destruction of the Spanish Armada, just four years previous to the period of which we write, proved to the world that the claim could be well substantiated. The importance of this capture, may, however, be more readily recognized in another point of view, when we state that it opened up to the nation an entirely new branch of commerce, and directly led to the establishment of the first East India Company. The valuable productions of the East were at that time almost unknown in England, a few only finding their way hither by the two ships that once a year voyaged from London to the Mediterranean. The carrac, the largest and richest prize that had ever been brought to England, first exhibited the rich treasures of the East to the wondering and greedy eyes of Englishmen, and stimulated the commencement of that direct traffic with India which has since formed so important a feature in British commercial enterprise and political power. Quaint old Hakluyt, alluding to the carrac, says: "She first discovered those secret trades and Indian riches which hitherto lay strangely hidden and cunningly concealed from us; whereof there was among some few of us, some small and imperfect glimpse only, which now is turned into the broad light of perfect knowledge."

Connected with great historical names, followed by remarkable results, and exhibiting a picture of our early naval adventurers—of ideas and practices so different from those of the present period—the story of the Great Carrac—an important though forgotten episode in the annals of Queen Elizabeth, is not without its peculiar interest—we may say its moral. The history of the past has been compared to a lofty and spacious gallery, the walls of which are embellished with splendid life-size pictures, representing virtuous actions and heroic achievements, while its floor is covered with the vile corruption and repulsive remains of the noisome charnel-house. From the paintings, we

should derive a stronger impulse to honorable exertion; from the rotten bones of the charnel-house, a more decided repugnance to their still existing representatives.

The expedition which ultimately led to the capture of the carrac, though designed for a very different purpose, was planned by the chivalrous but unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh. Its original object was to intercept the silver ships belonging to the king of Spain, on their homeward passage from Mexico, and to plunder Panama by a spirited land movement across the narrow isthmus which separates as well as joins, the two Americas. It was got up on a principle somewhat similar to the joint-stock companies of the present day. Raleigh embarked his whole fortune in it; Sir John Hawkins and several merchants of London, joined in the adventure; Queen Elizabeth herself became what we would now-a-days term a shareholder, supplying two ships with £1500, and granting the authority of her Royal Commission. To use a modern phrase, the stock of the company consisted, in all, of 5005 tons of shipping, and £18,000.

The fleet under the command of Raleigh, was fully equipped, and ready to sail in the February of 1592; but a long series of westerly winds confined the ships in Plymouth Harbor till the greater part of their provisions were consumed. The necessity for procuring fresh supplies brought on further delays, so that the May-day merry-makings had passed and gone ere Raleigh, distressed and disgusted by the loss of so much valuable time, was enabled to put to sea.

He was destined to experience a still severer trial. The very day after the expedition sailed, it was overtaken by Sir Martin Frobisher, bearing the Queen's orders to Raleigh, desiring him to give up the command, and return immediately to England. Eager to distinguish himself, and trusting to return with a success that would excuse his breach of duty, Sir Walter refused to comply with the queen's commands, alleging as a palliation of his disobedience, that the mariners had no confidence in any other leader.

The cause of Raleigh's disgrace and recall was one of the principal events in his romantic life. The queen had discovered when it could be no longer concealed, his marriage with Miss Throckmorton, one of the maids of honor. Elizabeth was highly incensed at the weakness of her attendant, and the boldness of Raleigh in presuming to fall in love and marry without the royal consent; for she ever insisted that the whole admiration of her courtiers should be concentrated on herself; and if any lady of her court, or officer of her household, dared to infringe upon this regal monopoly of gallantry, the consequence was her most severe displeasure. It is pleasing to

*Portuguese, *Carraca*.

have to relate, that whatever indiscretion Miss Throckmorton may have been guilty of, by her private marriage, it was fully atoned for in after-life. In all her husband's misfortunes, she was ever an attached and devoted wife, and he always regarded her with the most implicit confidence and respect. In short, she was a woman eminently fitted, by her virtues and abilities, to be the partner of the unfortunate courtier, soldier, and scholar—Sir Walter Raleigh.

The expedition continued on its course, and in the mouth of the Channel met a French ship returning from Spain to Calais. On board this vessel there was one Davies, an Englishman, who had escaped from "a long and miserable captivity" in Spain. From this person, and the captain of the French ship, Raleigh learned that delay had been fatal to the object of the expedition. The king of Spain hearing of it, had sent orders to America, forbidding the treasure-ships to sail that year. Notwithstanding this intelligence, Raleigh proceeded till off Cape Finisterre, when, considering the season too far advanced for the attack on Panama, he divided his fleet into two squadrons, one of which, under the command of Frobisher, he ordered to cruise off the coast of Spain; the other, under Sir John Burrowes, to cruise off the Western Islands. He then returned to England, and was immediately, with Miss Throckmorton, committed to close confinement in the Tower.

The division commanded by Burrowes consisted of but three ships—the *Foresight*, belonging to the queen; the *Roebuck*, to Raleigh; and the *Dainty*, to Sir J. Hawkins. On reaching the island of Flores, Burrowes found there two small vessels, the *Golden Dragon* and *Prudence*, belonging to one Moore and some merchant adventurers in London. These vessels had arrived the day previous, "on an intended purpose to tarry there for purchase," as plunder was quaintly termed in those days. Burrowes entered into a written agreement with the commanders of these vessels, "to have, possess, enjoy, and partake of all such prizes as should be taken jointly or severally" by them or his own ships for a certain period. The day after this "consortment," as it was termed, the reports of cannon were heard booming in the offing; and the admiral, putting to sea, discovered a Portuguese vessel chased by an English squadron. The Portuguese captain, finding his flight intercepted by Burrowes, resolved to run his ship on shore, and destroy her, rather than allow her to be captured by the English. He accordingly did so, and then immediately began removing the most valuable part of his cargo. Burrowes, on joining the English squadron that had so unexpectedly made its appearance, found it to consist of five ships belonging to Clifford,

Earl of Cumberland, and engaged, like himself, in the pursuit of *purchase*.

It does not appear very clearly that we were actually at war with Portugal at that period. Indeed, Elizabeth was then anxious to enter into an alliance with that nation, to aid her against her great enemy—Spain; but in the olden time it frequently happened that nations were at war in one part of the world, while at peace in another—at war on the sea, while at peace on the land. The pope, in the plenitude of his power, having divided the world, presenting India to Portugal, and America to Spain, those nations claimed the privilege of capturing the vessels of any other powers that presumed to pass certain very badly-defined boundaries; and the ships of the other powers, naturally enough, retaliated by capturing Spanish and Portuguese vessels wherever they met with them. The great and sudden development of English maritime enterprise in the reign of Elizabeth, may be partly ascribed to this state of continual warfare with Spain and Portugal on the ocean. The high nobility, who, in that semi-feudal age, still ruffled with troops of retainers, did not disdain to engage in this system of legalized piracy, and found a profitable employment for their needy followers, by sending them out to capture the rich treasure-ships returning from India and America. Drake, Frobisher, and almost all our early naval heroes, started in life as the retainers of some adventurous noble. Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, was the most celebrated of the latter class. He commanded his own ships at the defeat of the Armada, and distinguished himself so greatly, that Elizabeth ever after termed him her captain.

The Portuguese, landing his cargo before their very eyes, was no doubt a galling sight to the English adventurers, but a rising gale prevented them from approaching the land. The next morning, however, the wind having fallen, they sent in their boats well manned and armed, but were again disappointed, the Portuguese having set his vessel on fire. The English boats were, consequently, compelled to return to their vessels without acquiring plunder, but they made two prisoners, Dutchmen, who had served as gunners on board the Portuguese ship. The prisoners would give no information, until threatened with torture; they then acknowledged that the burning vessel was the *Santa Cruz*, a richly laden Indiaman, and that her consort the *Madre del Dios*, a much larger and richer ship, might be daily expected in the same track.

On receiving this important intelligence, Lord Cumberland's captains agreed to unite their forces with Burrowes, and endeavor to capture the *Madre del Dios*. The ships, under the command of Burrowes, being now ten

in number, he stationed them two leagues apart, covering upwards of a degree of longitude, so as to insure the greatest range of vision, and impatiently waited for the expected prize. He did not wait long. At daylight, on the 3d of August, the captain of the *Dainty* espied the wished-for carrac, and immediately bore down towards her. The carrac was the largest ship of the period, and from the description given of her, must have resembled a Chinese junk more than any other existing specimen of naval architecture. She was 1600 tons burden, drew 31 feet of water, had seven decks, and carried 800 men, besides a large number of passengers returning to Portugal, enriched with the treasures of the East. Notwithstanding the immense disproportion in size and force, the *Dainty*, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, began, single-handed, to engage her formidable adversary, but sustained severe damage and loss in the unequal contest. The *Roebuck* next came into action, and was soon afterwards supported by the *Golden Dragon*; but the carrac, making a running-fight, ably defended herself. As the day wore on, the combat continued, the carrac, from her great size, armament, and number of men, keeping her enemies at bay. Towards evening, Captain Cross, in the *Foresight*, came up. Burrowes, who was in the *Roebuck*, hailed Cross, asking what was best to be done. "We must lay her aboard," Cross replied, "or she will escape to the land, and we shall lose her like the *Santa Cruz*." Acting upon this advice, the English ships closed to board the enemy; but in the manœuvre, the *Roebuck* and *Dainty* fell foul of each other, the *Dainty's* mainmast was shot away, and the *Roebuck* received a shot between wind and water which caused her to leak so fast that all hands had to be called to the pumps. The *Foresight* was now the only undisabled English ship engaged with the carrac. It was seven o'clock in the evening; the carrac was fast approaching the land, and Cumberland's ships were still far from the scene of action. In this emergency, Cross adopted the desperate expedient of laying his ship athwart the bows of his immense enemy. Succeeding in this bold attempt, he lashed the carrac's bowsprit to the mainmast of the *Foresight*, and withdrawing his men into their close quarters, kept up the engagement with small-arms for the space of three hours. The carrac's way through the water being completely deadened by the *Foresight* lying across her bows, gave time for two of Cumberland's ships to come up; and at ten at night the Portuguese was carried by boarding, after a desperate contest of twelve hours.

The carrac was now taken, but a scarcely less terribly scene followed the sanguinary horrors of the combat. As in a town taken by

storm, the victors commenced a general pillage of the ill-fated ship and her unfortunate passengers. So eager were they, so recklessly did they seek for spoil, that in their infuriated rapacity they madly risked their own lives, and all the wealth they had so hardly contended for. It being night, each man lighted a candle to aid his search. A fight ensuing among some of the plunderers, their candles were thrown down, setting fire to a cabin containing 600 great gun-cartridges; and if it had not been for the presence of mind and active exertions of Captain Cross, the prize and its captors would have been blown into the air. The plunder continued till next morning, when Burrowes's ship having come up, the admiral claimed all pillage in the queen's name. But the Earl of Cumberland's men denied the queen's authority, alleging that they had not fought for the queen, but for their lord, whose retainers they were; and he always allowed them their rightful purchase, which was all the plate, money, and jewels found on the upper decks.

Burrowes, however, succeeded in stopping further pillage, and then turned his attention to the wounded of the enemy, whom he treated with great kindness, compelling his own surgeons to attend upon them. To the Portuguese captain, Don Fernando de Mendoza—"a gentleman well stricken in years, well spoken, of good stature, and comely personage, but of hard fortune"—his passengers, and crew, Burrowes gave a small vessel to carry them to Portugal, and permitted them to take away their personal effects. The "hard fortune" of these poor people was not even then over. On their way to Lisbon, they fell in with another English vessel, and were stripped almost naked, losing 900 diamonds and other "odd ends" that they had managed to take with them from their captured ship. Burrowes made the best of his way to England with his rich prize, and after narrowly escaping shipwreck on the Scilly Islands, arrived at Dartmouth in the month of August.

The bells of England had not rung a merrier peal since the defeat of the Armada, than they did when the news arrived of the carrac's capture. The value of the prize was estimated at fabulous amounts; even Raleigh, who was still a prisoner in the Tower, calculated her to be worth £500,000. Traders of all descriptions flocked to the seaports, and purchased plate, diamonds, rubies, pearls, musk, ambergris, silks, and gold-embroidered stuffs from the fortunate sailors. The queen immediately appointed a commission to take charge of the prize, and issued a proclamation, commanding all plunder to be delivered up to the commissioners in ten days, "the same, if considered to be lawful pillage, to be returned to the captors." The commissioners, on arriving

at Dartmouth, found the carrac gutted to the lower deck; and though Portsmouth resembled Bartholomew Fair, not one particle of plunder was delivered up to them. They, however, proceeded to examine witnesses relative to the pillage, but were disgusted by the gross perjuries committed in the evidence. When the commissioners cautioned the witnesses, and pointed out the sinfulness of such conduct, the latter profanely replied, that "they had rather venture their souls in the hands of a merciful God, by perjury, than their fortunes, gotten with the peril and hazard of their lives, in the hands of unmerciful men."

A large folio volume of the Lansdowne manuscripts is nearly filled with documents relative to these proceedings. A complete mania seems to have sprung up all over England to possess something that had been taken in the Great Carrac. The most abject letters were written by ladies of the highest rank to the officers and men of the expedition, begging for any trifling article of plunder, but especially mentioning porcelain, then almost unknown in England.

The queen finding the labors of the commissioners utterly fruitless, and also suspecting them of receiving bribes, suffered her love of money to overcome her resentful feelings against Raleigh, and liberated him from the Tower, giving him authority to use the most stringent means to recover the missing plunder. On his arrival at Portsmouth, the sailors surrounded him with shouts of joy and congratulation, but he replied: "I am still the queen's poor prisoner," pointing to Blunt, a warden of the Tower, under whose surveillance he still was. Raleigh immediately instituted the most vigorous measures. All coasting-vessels, wagons, and travellers were searched, and letters opened. By these means, a large cross, formed of a single emerald, sixty-one diamonds, and 1400 pearls, with an immense quantity of other valuable property, were reclaimed.

Burrowes's ship was searched, and in the admiral's own cabin were found several large chests filled with damasks, taffetas, and porcelain. The commissioners seized these goods, but Burrowes claimed them on the plea, that he was a "gentleman of quality, and the queen's admiral, and required them to make presents therewith to his friends." One of Cumberland's men then stated to the commissioners, that he had secured, as part of his spoil, an agate-hafted dagger, mounted with diamonds and rubies, but that Burrowes had taken it from him, and he trusted that, in equal justice, the admiral would be compelled to give it up. Burrowes complied by producing a common dagger of English manufacture as the one alluded to; and this "ringing the change," as a modern swindler would term it,

was considered rather a clever and laughable trick of the gallant admiral. The commissioners also reported that Burrowes wore in a ring a large white stone, but, "though it be hard, and write in glass," they could not tell if it were a diamond, and so they permitted him to keep it.

Captain Cross, of the *Foresight*, seems to have obtained the greatest share of the plunder—"as much as loaded a small vessel." The captains of Cumberland's ships had also a large share. Silver basins, shields covered with beaten gold, porcelain, mother-of-pearl spoons, silks, and tapestry were taken from them; but they succeeded in retaining a great number of other valuable articles. The captain of the *Dainty* put into Harwich, assigning as his reason for doing so, that his men were so determined "to see the bottom of the carrac," he could not trust them near her. But his real reason was, that Harwich being near London, he had a greater facility of disposing of his spoil. Before officers were sent down to search his vessel, he sold spices to the amount of £1400; and even afterwards, several wagons were seized laden with cinnamon and calicoes, that had been discharged from his ship.

Thomson, the captain of the *Dainty*, considered himself as he expressed it, to have been very hardly dealt with. The *Dainty's* mainmast being shot away in the engagement, she fell to leeward, and five days elapsed before she could rig a jury-mast and rejoin the fleet. Then Thomson found, as he stated to the commissioners, that all the money, silk, jewels, apparel, and chains of gold had been divided among the other captains. He complained to Burrowes, who replied that the plunder was over, and proclamation made for the queen, and that he (Burrowes) was for the queen. "So am I, too, I hope," said Thomson; but is there never a chain of gold or suit of apparel for a man—no porcelain or silk stuffs for a man's wife?"

"I kept something for you," said the admiral, "because you were away;" which something was a common sailor's chest, that had been broken up before.

The cargo of the carrac, left after the general plunder, was brought to London, and sold at Leadenhall. The spices, drugs, and dye-stuffs fetched £114,000; the remainder, consisting of silks, calicoes, carpets, and ebony furniture, sold for £27,200—making in all, £141,200. The grand question then arose—how should this sum be divided among the captors? The Earl of Cumberland claimed it all, on the plea that his ships had made the capture, the *Foresight* being "as good as taken" by the carrac when they came up. The queen anxiously wished to have the whole, for the purpose, as she stated, of defending

England and the Protestant Church against the Catholic king of Spain. But the sagacious Burleigh, her Lord Treasurer, and Sir John Fortescue, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, urged upon her the impolicy of doing so; stating that adventurers, if not treated in a princely manner, would be discouraged from future enterprises. The queen, however, claimed the privilege of dividing the spoil as she thought proper, and finally apportioned it in the following manner:—Cumberland received £18,000; Raleigh, £15,900; Moore, £2000; and the merchant-adventurers of London, £12,000. It does not appear how much Hawkins received, and there were a number of minor claimants, who received small sums, making the amount divided £57,600. The queen retained to herself the lion's share, amounting to £83,600. The unfairness of this distribution gave general dissatisfaction; but Raleigh, the head and planner of the expedition, did not dare to remonstrate. In fact, he purchased his release from the Tower, and re-

newal of the queen's favor, by his silence. In a letter to Lord Burleigh, now before us, he writes: "Fourscore thousand pounds is more than ever a man presented her majesty yet. If God has sent it as my ransom, I hope her majesty, of her abundant goodness, will accept it."

The *Madre del Dios* remained in the harbor of Dartmouth for two years after her capture; the expenses of pumping and taking care of her during that time amounting to £216. The corporation of Dartmouth then offered £200 for her, promising that whatever profits she might gain, would be invested in an hospital for the poor of the town. Whether her stout timbers rotted in the mud of Dartmouth, or were ultimately broken up for firewood, the manuscript records, from which we have gleaned the preceding particulars, are silent. We know that the proposal of the corporation was rejected, and this is the last we can learn of the "Great Carrac."

THE CZAR SHALL HAVE THE RHINE.

(DRINKING-SONG FOR GERMAN STUDENTS.)

DRINK, brothers, drink; Man's life is but a bubble,

Dancing a moment in the cup of Death.
Smoke, brothers, smoke, and blow away all trouble;

What better use for transitory breath?
Sink Fatherland!—some feet its surface under;
A hole will soon be all that's yours and mine:
What will it matter then to us, I wonder,
Who reigns above?—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

Behold, how fast the tide of Time is flowing!
But let our nectar be a swifter stream.
How quick the scythe, us, blades of grass, is mowing!

And then eternal slumber ends the dream.
Why vex our souls, my brothers, in defending
What you and I, at least, must soon resign:
Then we shall not know who their necks are bending

Under the CZAR's yoke—let him have the Rhine.

The Rhine runs on with one continual motion,
Its fated course pursuing to the sea,
And, as its current hastens to the ocean,
So to the gulf of nothingness do we.
Our blood is dearer than our river's water;

When we are gone, get they who can its wine;
We won't expose our carcases to slaughter.

Keep whole your skins—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

Fellows, like leaves, are falling every second;
Each moment rings out some companion's knell.

Letters and arts—at what can they be reckoned

Which we to-night may have to bid farewell?
What if a despot check all speculation,

And tongue, and pen, and range of thought
confine?

They that remain will mourn the deprivation,
But not we dead!—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

Vanity all!—that is the sum of thinking.

Darkness will be the end of all our light.

Happy are we so long as we are drinking.

Better to tope for shadows, than to fight.

Before his time who runs the risk of dying,

He is a fool! a hero's name is fine,

But who can hear it in his earth-bed lying?

Honor?—a straw!—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

Shame will be nothing then to us, or sorrow

What is our fame, when we have passed
away?

The end of all things is at hand to-morrow

Stuff we the pipe and fill the bowl to-day.

Tobacco clouds are curling dim around us:

In darker shades ere long we shall recline.

'Twill be all over when the shroud hath bound
us.

Give me the cup—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

What do our brains, with metaphysics muddled,

Teach us, except that all is empty here?

All but this glass: 'tis sweeter to be fuddled

With the profound philosophy of beer.

Draining the beer-pot therefore, brother sages,

Let us roll wisely down our little line:

Live in the present, not for future ages.

We'll have the swipes—the CZAR shall have
the Rhine. Punch, June 16.

From the Examiner.

A MEMOIR OF THE REVEREND SYDNEY SMITH.

FOR a hundred and fifty years no incumbent had tenanted the decayed hovel called the parsonage of Foston-le-Clay, but soon after Sydney Smith received the living, Mr. Perceval's Residence Bill compelled clergymen to put their parsonages into such order as would enable them to live where they could do the work for which they received payment. At Foston-le-Clay it became certain, therefore, that either a parsonage must be built, or the incumbent must resign the living. Sydney had no money to spare; he could build only with money borrowed from his brother, and from Queen Anne's bounty; but with such borrowed money he did build, after the lapse of a considerable time spent in the vain effort to effect an exchange, and he produced from his own designs one of the ugliest and snuggest parsonages in the land. His good sense ruled the whole construction of it. He abandoned the designs of the architect because they were too costly, and he caused everything to be done with the care of a man who knows that every pound spent will be a burden on his future. To gain height without the expense of wall building, he included the slope of his roof in the elevation of his bedrooms. To save the expense of cornices in other rooms, he caused the paper to be carried a few inches over the ceiling, marked the angle with a band of color, and produced a pleasant effect at a cost entirely insignificant. The house was full of contrivances. The joyous nature of its master delighted in bright fires, in sunlight, in perfumes, in all things that were innocently gay. His fires were kept in a brisk state by blowers communicating with the outer air. His white holland window blinds were replaced with gay patchwork designed by his wife at his suggestion, and executed at his suggestion, because painted blinds were not to be afforded.

We dwell upon such points to show that Sydney was no reckless wit, that he was not merely the hero of a dinner table, but the life and strength of his own home. We read in his daughter's memoir of the joyous entry into the new parsonage, and of the energy with which its duties were fulfilled. How good a husband Sydney was, the very solicitude which has caused the publication of this memoir proves. Children he loved and honored; his own children he taught, nursed, counselled, and treated when they passed out of the ignorance of childhood as familiar friends; his thoughts, his letters, were all free to them, and his wit and wisdom were both poured out without stint to make them happy. His servants called by pleasant and familiar house-

hold names, given in sport and maintained through perpetual good humor, worked for him none the less zealously because their life was seasoned by his friendship, and every day's load was helped on with a team of jokes. There was a surgery established in the parsonage, and even the drugs went to the sick poor recommended by such merry names as are not to be found in Buchan. The very cows and pigs upon the farm (for the glebe land had to be farmed) received the benefit of their master's good humor and kindness, and were even provided with a machine at which they could indulge to perfection in the luxury of scratching. When in the country, every night at ten o'clock, after the household prayers were over, Sydney Smith went, armed with his great coat and lantern, to see that his dumb cattle were in want of nothing. So also out of his own land, among the illiterate Yorkshire farmers, the good parson made himself at home. His ears were always open to learn all that they and the small tradespeople could teach him, and he discussed with them their own familiar topics free from every affectation of contempt. He won the respect of his old clerk. "Master Smith," said he, "it often strokes my mind that people as comes frae London is such fools. . . . But you" (nudging him with his stick) "I see you are no fool." Sydney Smith took as much pains in the writing of his sermons for these country people, and in the adaptation of them to their understandings and their feelings, as he ever took with sermons preached in latter years from a cathedral pulpit. He maintained at the same time,—as plans of study written in his hand show,—a careful exercise of his mind, for the maintenance by daily discipline of his attainments as a scholar: and all that he did was without show or pretence, and without the slightest pomp of self-assertion.

From his home in the country Sydney Smith made visits every spring to London, and sometimes Edinburgh, finding in either capital the best minds of the country prompt to do him honor. In the country, too, he received visits from Jeffrey, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Lauderdale, Horner, and others. But upon this aspect of his life, as we before said, we do not mean to dwell at all. As an Edinburgh Reviewer and a wit, as one of the most brilliant members of a distinguished *coterie*, as the most genial of companions at a dinner-table, Sydney Smith is already fully known by the whole English world. It is the main purpose of his daughter's book, as it was the last desire of his wife, to show what more he was; and to this purpose we accordingly confine ourselves in noticing these volumes.

To the honest mind of Sydney, debt was a great source of care; and there were hours

when his joyous character was clouded by it, and he drooped under the vague fear that the load imposed on him was more than he would ever have strength to shake off. Passionately fond of books, he hardly allowed himself to purchase one, through all his years of poverty. But when books came to him as presents, he was happy as a child in admiration of them; and rejoiced especially—lover of all bright things—if they were gayly bound. His eldest son Douglas, he himself taught; and his wife turned schoolmistress to educate his girls. But when, in 1817—Sydney's age being forty six—his brother Robert, who was prosperous, offered to pay for the boy's education, he was restrained by no false pride from allowing his son to derive benefit from such an offer. Douglas was sent to Westminster. He worked hard—too hard, in his great zeal to gratify his parents. He began life nobly; and his death at the age of twenty-four was the great sorrow of Sydney's life.

While Douglas was at school, an unexpected legacy from an Aunt Mary, though not a large one, was enough to enable him to release his brother from the contribution he had made towards his nephew's schooling. Still there was no promotion in the church, and no truckling for promotion in the churchman. In 1825, Sydney Smith, fifty-four years old, was the only person present who dared to express boldly his dissent from the petition against the Emancipation of the Catholics, adopted at a meeting of the clergy of the diocese. The Tories were in power, but the honest clergyman would do what battle he could on behalf of liberty of thought. Very soon afterwards there was obtained from the Duke of Devonshire the living of Londesborough tenable with Foston, not for life, but to be held by Sydney till his Grace's nephew was of age to take it. This temporary help enabled him to proceed more rapidly with the extinction of his debt, and it released him from the pressure of that most rigid economy which he had been under the necessity of enforcing in his household.

At length, in 1828, promotion came, from one who admired his character and wit, though he did not sympathize in all his opinions. A prebendal stall in Bristol cathedral was conferred by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst on Sydney Smith, then in his fifty-seventh year; and he commenced his duties manfully by preaching, before the most Protestant Mayor and corporation in England, what he called "such a dose of toleration as shall last them for many a year." The promotion to the stall at Bristol entitling Sydney to a Bristol living, he resigned Foston for the beautiful Combe Florey, near Taunton. The change was made but a few months after the death of his son Douglas, when, in spite of change of scene, he had to write, "In the meantime I have, from time

to time, bitter visitations of sorrow. I never suspected how children weave themselves about the heart."

At Combe Florey there was a parsonage again to build, but Sydney went there with experience and money. The house was made more luxurious, a little library at length was formed, and as time ran on, the current of prosperity that had set in gained strength. In 1831, Lord Grey appointed Sydney to a prebendal stall at St. Paul's in exchange for the one held by him at Bristol. That brought him again into close relation with his London friends. He was not changed by prosperity. We read of his zeal in ferreting out proof of the innocence of a poor helpless child falsely accused of theft, and as a canon of St. Paul's we find him setting an example to all canons of the most faithful discharge of duty. He needed no stimulus of personal interest to examine accounts, or gouty as he then was, to climb over and inspect the building, or to obtain information of the prices even of putty and white lead, in order that all works of which he had oversight might be fairly and honestly accounted for. "I find traces of him," writes Dean Milman, "in every particular of chapter affairs; and on every occasion where his hand appears, I find strong reason for respecting his sound judgment, knowledge of business, and activity of mind; above all, the perfect fidelity of his stewardship. In his care of his own interests as member of the chapter, there was ever the most honest (rarely, if I may not say, singularly, honest) regard for the interests of the chapter and the church." Nine years after his appointment to St. Paul's the death intestate of his brother Courtenay, who had amassed wealth in India, put him in possession of a third part of his fortune: and on the verge of completing the three score and tenth year of his life, Sydney became a wealthy man. He died about five years afterwards, having seen his daughters married happily, and with his last hours sweetened by his wife's affection.

One of his last visitors was a clergyman in favor of whose needs as a hard working curate he had resigned his own right to a living, making, out of the poor curate with a mother and family dependent on him for support, a comfortable vicar. One of his last acts was to bestow a small living of £120 upon another friendless clergyman who had long done his duty upon forty pounds a year. This gentleman entreated to be allowed to see his benefactor. "Then he must not thank me," Sydney said. "I am too weak to bear it." He entered, silently pressed his hand, and blessed his death-bed.

Though we have said nothing hitherto of Sydney Smith as a wit, one thing must not be omitted from his character in that respect. He

never gave pain. Those were the happiest against whom he directed his good-humored sallies. "You have been laughing at me for fifteen years, Sydney, said one of his butts, "but this I will own, that you never said a word that I could wish had not been spoken. May we not add fairly, with this life of him before us, that he never did a deed that any man could wish undone?"

From The Spectator.

THIS selection from the correspondence of Sydney Smith owes its existence, like Lady Holland's Memoir, to the pious regard of Mrs. Smith for her husband's memory. Deterred by the opinion of friends from at once publishing a life illustrated by letters, on account of the recency of the circumstances to which they often related, it was the widow's gratification to arrange and number the manuscripts she had collected, and to consult with Mrs. Austin, who had consented to edit them, as she had also undertaken to write the life, but has been prevented by ill health. Mrs. Smith seemed to expect that she should not herself survive to see the publication; and her forebodings were verified.

The letters extended over the better part of half a century, beginning in 1801, and closing in November 1844, a few months before the author's death. The very early letters are mostly addressed to Jeffrey; and he continues a frequent correspondent till the close of Sydney's connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, which took place when he became a Prebendal clergyman, upon principles of clerical dignity. Their feelings remained as warm as ever in the breasts of both friends: years afterwards, Jeffrey dedicated his collected essays to Sydney; and Sydney is frequently alluding to his old associate in his letters to other correspondents. But the necessity for continuous communication having ceased, the correspondence was less frequent. Many of us are so constituted that the stimulus of necessity or business is requisite to bring the feelings into activity. Sydney Smith was not an idle man, but the very reverse; he might not, however, write without some stimulus.

The other best known persons to whom letters are most frequently addressed are Lord and Lady Holland, Lord and Lady Grey, Mr. Allen, Mr. John Archibald Murray of the Edinburgh bar, now Lord Murray, and the Misses Berry. He had of course many other correspondents; the names already mentioned, however, are the most popularly distinguished of the friends to whom he regularly wrote; though many of the others are known in literary, political, or social circles. When they are not, the editor usually adds a note.

The topics are not of so much interest as might have been expected. Throughout the

whole of his life Sydney Smith never ceased to take an interest in public affairs, and he frequently alludes to them; but it is in a touch-and-go manner. He had put forward his strength in his published writings, and did not care to recur to the subject at length in private communications. His animal spirits, and natural tendency to jocose exaggeration, are visible at the outset, and were evidently a part of his nature. Some of the letters throw strong light upon his biography, and will enable the attentive reader to fill up the chronology which was occasionally defective in the Memoir. Wherever Sydney's distinguishing qualities of directness, animation, and practical sagacity, either on public or private matters, have an opportunity to come into play, there they will be found. His love of a joke carried on to mystification is ever visible, as well as his truth, honesty, and contempt for tyranny, sordidness, shabbiness or pretence. Too many of the later letters are on matters of compliment or matters merely private. These and some jokes of a temporary character might have born curtailment. With this exception, the selection has been judiciously made, and the book is well edited. It is introduced by an admirable preface; in which Mrs. Austin explains the principles which have guided her in the selection of the correspondence, gives a broad sketch of Sydney Smith's public career and character, as well as a touching indication of Mrs. Smith's affectionate nature.

It is curious, in the career of Sydney Smith, to see how steadily not only the general principles but most of the particular measures he advocated have triumphed. His sagacity, like that of other Whig politicians, was at fault with regard to the Peninsula. In February 1809, when nothing seems to have been known of Sir John Moore save that he was retreating pursued by overwhelming forces, any man might have been justified in pronouncing that "Spain is quite gone;" but even in 1812, when Salamanca had been fought and Bonaparte was approaching Moscow, he writes:—

I know not how to rejoice in the useless splendor of Lord Wellington's achievements, for I am quite a disbeliever in his ultimate success. But I am incapable of thinking of anything but building, and my whole soul is filled up by lath and plaster.

As soon, however, as anything like a whole view of the question could be obtained, his sagacity led him to a true conclusion as to Bonaparte's danger from his unpopularity among the respectable part of the French people. The date of the following is March 1814, when the Emperor was with difficulty opposing the Allies:—

I have not read a paper for these four days;

but this lingering war will not do for Bonaparte. The white cockade will be up, if he do not proceed more rapidly. I have no doubt but that the Bourbons must have a very large party in France, consisting of all those who love stability and peace better than eternal war and agitation; but these men have necessarily a great dread of Bonaparte, a great belief in his skill, fortune and implacability. It will take them years after he is killed to believe that he is dead.

Here is another Anti-Whig opinion on the Bourbons, with some good remarks on wine-drinking, addressed to Mr. Allen:—

My dear Allen—I did not know before your letter that Lord Holland had been ill, and I received the intelligence, as you may suppose, with sincere regret. It is very easy and old-womanish to offer advice, but I wish he would leave off wine entirely, after the manner of the Sharpe and Rogers school. He is never guilty of excess; but there is a certain respectable and dangerous plenitude, not quite conducive to that state of health which all his friends most wish to Lord Holland.

What can you possibly mean by lamenting the restoration of the Bourbons? What so likely to promote renewed peace, and enable the French to lay some slight foundation of real liberty? for as to their becoming free at once, it is a mere joke. I think I see your old Edinburgh hatred of the Bourbons; but the misfortunes of the world have been such as to render even these contemptible personages our hope and our refuge.

The following letter relates to Tom Campbell, and is as creditable to the poet's right feeling as to the late Lady Holland's generosity:—

8 Doughty Street, Brunswick Square.

My dear Lady Holland—I told the little poet, after the proper softenings of wine, dinner, flattery, repeating his verses, etc., etc., that a friend of mine wished to lend him some money, and I begged him to take it. The poet said that he had a very sacred and serious notion of the duties of independence; that he thought he had no right to be burdensome to others from the mere apprehensions of evil; and that he was in no immediate want. If it was necessary, he would ask me hereafter for the money without scruple; and that the knowing he *had* such resources in reserve was a great comfort to him. This was very sensible and very honorable to him; nor had he the slightest feeling of affront on the subject, but, on the contrary, of great gratitude to his benefactor, whose name I did not mention, as the money was not received: I therefore cancel your draft, and will call upon you, if he calls upon me. This, I presume, meets your approbation. I had a great deal of conversation with him, and he is a much more sensible man than I had any idea of. I have received this morning a very kind letter from Sir Francis Baring, almost amounting to a promise that I am to be a professor in his new Institution.

I cannot conclude my letter without telling you that you are a very good lady for what you have done; and that, for it, I give you my hearty benediction.

Respectfully and sincerely yours,
SYDNEY SMITH.

There is nothing new in this account of the separation of Lord and Lady Byron, but it neatly tells all that is known, and concludes with a sentence of all that need be said:—

Lord and Lady Byron are, you know, separated. He said to Rogers, that Lady Byron had parted with him, apparently in good friendship, on a visit to her father, and that he had no idea of their being about to part when he received her decision to that effect. He stated that his own temper, naturally bad, had been rendered more irritable by the derangement of his fortune, and that Lady Byron was entirely blameless. The truth is, he is a very unprincipled fellow.

Time has not fulfilled the following speculation on America; but the Model Republic has never yet been tried by circumstances that require perfect unanimity, which interest and opinion prevent; the Federal States giving a constitutional and effective power of opposition to the general Government, which does not exist where the different provinces of a country have all become reduced into one state.

It is quite contrary to all probability that America should remain in an integral state. They aim at extending from sea to sea, and have already made settlements on the Pacific. There can be no community of interest between people placed under such very different circumstances: the maritime Americans, and those who communicate with Europe by the Mississippi, are at this moment, as far as interest can divide men, two separate people. There does not appear to be in America at this moment one man of any considerable talents. They are a very sensible people; and seem to have conducted their affairs upon the whole very well.

The following story from a letter to Lord John Russell is a curious example of Spencer Perceval's firmness. It appears from the context to have been written to point a moral touching Sydney's own preferment:—

My dear John—At eleven o'clock in the morning, some years ago, the Archbishop of Canterbury called upon a friend of mine (my informant) and said, "I am going to the King, (George III.) to meet Perceval, who wants to make Mansell Bishop of Bristol. I have advised the King not to assent to it, and he is thoroughly determined it shall not be. I will call in an hour or two, and tell you what has passed." Canterbury did not return till eleven at night. "Quite in vain," he said: "Perceval has beaten us all: he tendered his immediate resignation: If he were not considered to be a fit person for recom-

mending the dignitaries of the Church, he was not a fit person to be at the head of the Treasury." After a conflict carried on all day, we were forced to yield.

Such a conflict, carried on once, and ending with victory, never need be repeated.

Here is a little trait of the late Lord Melbourne, giving way to his love of ease, and dissatisfied for so doing:—

Melbourne gives up all foreign affairs to Palmerston, swearing at it all. Lord Grey would never have suffered any Minister for Foreign Affairs to have sent such a despatch as Palmerston's note to Guizot: it is universally blamed here. Pray don't go to war with France: that must be wrong.

With Sydney Smith's habit of persiflage, it is not always easy to get at his real meaning: if this idea of dying in great cities was actual opinion, it is contrary to most people's:—

Paris is very full. I look at it with some attention, as I am not sure I may not end my days in it. I suspect the fifth act of life should be in great cities: it is there, in the long death of old age, that a man most forgets himself and his infirmities; receives the greatest consolation from the attentions of friends, and the greatest diversion from external circumstances.

This is a nice appreciation of the weak point of Jeffrey's genius, plainly but pleasantly done:—

I certainly, my dear Jeffrey, in conjunction with the Knight of the Shaggy Eyebrows, † do protest against your increasing and unprofitable scepticism. I exhort you to restrain the violent tendency of your nature for analysis, and to cultivate synthetical propensities. What is virtue? What's the use of truth? What's the use of honor? What's a guinea but a damned yellow circle?—The whole effort of your mind is to destroy. Because others build slightly and eagerly, you employ yourself in kicking down their houses, and contract a sort of aversion for the more honorable, useful, and difficult task of building well yourself.

From The Athenæum, 16 June.

LAST week we endeavored to sketch the highminded, yet unobtrusive, virtues of the man, Sydney Smith, which in his lifetime were hardly appreciated, because of his gay social qualities. On returning to this "Mémorial" for illustrations of his claims to distinction as a wit, selection becomes difficult. There is hardly a page by which we are not tempted,—hardly a paragraph which would not have made the reputation of a duller man. Such a playful use of unexpected combinations and whimsical images was surely never

combined with such disarming fairness and such excellent common sense:—

I thank God [wrote Sydney Smith to Lady Mary Bennett], who has made me poor, that he has made me merry. I think it is a better gift than much wheat and bean land, with a doleful heart.

Sydney Smith might have rejoiced in the possession of justice as well as of merriment had he been Pharisaical in his orisons. Compare, for instance, the stories and the sayings collected in these two volumes with the treasury of brilliant things left us by Horace Walpole. Those will not be found unimpaired by ill-nature, premeditation, and a determination to astonish:—in these, sense, spontaneity, and sweet temper never fail us, let the sarcasm pierce ever so deep or be ever so exquisitely polished. If there be any who fancy Sydney's pedestal too high, let them turn back to the triumphs, and refer to the claims, of another merry man, who, in Sydney Smith's day, might have been also produced to the foreigner as the Troy specimen of English brilliancy—we mean Theodore Hook. Such a parallel is like setting the highest, healthiest comedy against the broadest and smallest farce. The humors of one flowed from "abundance of heart"—the other was manufactured by readiness of tongue. The spoken repartees and improvisations of the author of "Gilbert Gurney" are already fading from the memories of those who heard them, while the best recorded *bon mot* by him has the gleam of theatrical tinsel. There is much in these volumes which, we fancy, will only perish with our language. Probably, too, some hundreds of their readers could each add something to the collection of traits and anecdotes.

What an inexhaustible, self-generated fountain of mirth does the store, as we have it, reveal! Rarely has such a mass of bright sayings or happy hits been laid together, which owed so little to allusions or suggestions from others,—to odd passages from books,—to the *on dit* of rival practitioners. Sydney—unlike Horace—had few peers,—Luttrell, perhaps excepted. He had no Charles Townshend—no George Selwyn—to "hold the cards" against him. Old Mrs. Salusbury's praise of Dr. Johnson, that he could say something about "runts," if no higher theme than cattle came up, might be applied, with a difference, to this genial man. So strong was the spirit of whimsy within him, that he could not give an order to a servant without clenching it by some original noun or verb which struck him, nor answer the commonest note without some quaint turn. Here is an instance:—

Dear Lady Holland, — I take the liberty to

* Francis Horner, Esq.

send you two brace of grouse,—curious, because killed by a Scotch metaphysician; in other and better language, they are mere ideas, shot by other ideas, out of a pure intellectual notion, called a gun.

Let us give some further examples. And first, as his whimsies stood first among Sydney Smith's objects of study and delight, we will string together a few of his personalities. It is fair to presume, that in this portion of the book some suppression has been exercised. One who played with whimsicalities, as the author of "Peter Plymley's Letters" did, must have dashed off many a sketch inexpedient to circulate,—so dull is the world, and so determined are the many to confound whimsicality with malice. We do not, however, imagine that any one of the persons so gayly hit off in the following fragments could feel the smallest "bristle" stir, supposing he were alive to confront his *penchant* or his personality in print, as under:—

One speech, I remember, of Dudley's [said Sydney Smith, in a reported conversation], gratified me much. When I took leave of him, on quitting London to go into Yorkshire, he said to me, "You have been laughing at me constantly, Sydney, for the last seven years, and yet in all that time you never said a single thing to me that I wished unsaid." This, I confess, pleased me.

There was none of Sydney Smith's friends at whom he did not laugh. We have never met, or heard of, one who would dissent from Lord Dudley's praise.—To proceed with our examples. Here are two Transatlantic celebrities ticketed. Daniel Webster was, we believe, the "Great Western" alluded to, besides being the machine described as under:—

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trowsers. * * The Great western turns out very well. I have been introduced to Miss —; she abuses the privilege of literary women to be plain; and, in addition, has the true Kentucky twang through the nose, converting that promontory into an organ of speech. How generous the conduct of Mrs. —, who, as a literary woman, might be ugly if she chose, but is as decidedly handsome as if she were profoundly ignorant. I call such conduct honorable.

A Miniature of Talleyrand.—"Lady Holland labored incessantly to convince me that Talleyrand was agreeable, and was very angry because his arrival was usually a signal for my departure; but, in the first place, he never spoke at all till he had not only devoured but digested his dinner, and as this was a slow process with him, it did not occur till everybody else was asleep, or ought to have been so; and when he did speak he was so inarticulate I never could understand a word he said.—"It was otherwise with me," said Dr. Holland; "I never found much difficulty in fol-

lowing him."—"Did not you? why it was an abuse of terms to call it talking at all; for he had no teeth, and, I believe, no roof to his mouth—no uvula—no larynx—no trachea—no epiglottis—no anything. It was not talking, it was gargling; and that, by-the-by, now I think of it, must be the very reason why Holland understood him so much better than I did," turning suddenly round on him with his merry laugh.—"Yet no body's wit was of so high an order as Talleyrand's when it did come, or has so well stood the test of time."

A Hit at the World's Sorrow for a Great Man departed.—"At a large dinner-party my father, or some one else, announced the death of Mr. Dugald Stewart; one whose name ever brings with it feelings of respect for his talents and high character. The news was received with so much levity by a lady of rank, who sat by him, that he turned round and said, "Madam, when we are told of the death of so great a man as Mr. Dugald Stewart, it is usual, in civilized society, to look grave for at least the space of five seconds."

There is no need to complete the initial, in the following anecdote, with the full name of the borrowing peeress. Different was the figure she made in the days when she was reputed to have always "the best bit of blue" at her house; when Johnson, in the fervor of his admiration for "little Burney," was affronted at being asked by her to meet "that jade, Mrs. Siddons":—

"It happened to be a charity sermon, and I considered it a wonderful proof of my eloquence, that it actually moved old Lady C— to borrow a sovereign from Dudley, and that he actually gave it her, though knowing he must take a long farewell of it."

A Trait of the Tragic Muse.—"The gods do not bestow such a face as Mrs. Siddons's on the stage more than once in a century. I know her very well, and she had the good taste to laugh heartily at my jokes; she was an excellent person, but she was not remarkable out of her profession, and never got out of tragedy even in common life. She used to *stab* the potatoes."

A Few Touches concerning Jeffrey.—"I love Jeffrey very dearly," and speaking of his knowledge of all subjects, and his review of *Madame de Staël*: "I used to say then that the nearest thing Jeffrey had ever seen to a fine Parisian lady was John Playfair. * * Jeffrey has been here with his adjectives, who always travel with him. His throat is giving way; so much wine goes down it, so many million words leap over it, how can it rest?"

A New Use for dancing.—"How little you understand young Wedgewood! If he appears to love waltzing, it is only to catch fresh figures for cream-jugs. Depend upon it, he will have Jeffrey and you upon some of his vessels, and you will enjoy an argillaceous immortality."

A Word or two concerning a Party made for Malthus.—"Philosopher Malthus came here last week. I got an agreeable party for him of unmarried

people. There was only one lady who had had a child; but he is a good-natured man, and, if there are no appearances of approaching fertility, is civil to every lady. Malthus is a real moral philosopher, and I would almost consent to speak as inarticulately, if I could think and act as wisely.

After the frequent allusions to Luttrell's witticisms contained in Moore's Diary, it is amusing to consider the pleasant absurdities with which Sydney Smith invested this dinner-out:—

Mrs. Sydney was dreadfully alarmed about her side-dishes the first time Luttrell paid us a visit, and grew pale as the covers were lifted; but they stood the test. Luttrell tasted and praised.

* * Pray tell Luttrell he did wrong not to come to the music. It tired me to death; it would have pleased him. He is a melodious person, and much given to sacred music. In his fits of absence I have heard him hum the Hundredth Psalm (Old Version)! * * I distinguished myself a good deal at M. A. Taylor's in dressing salads; pray tell Luttrell this. I have thought about salads much, and will talk over the subject with you and Mr. Luttrell when I have the pleasure to find you together. * * Luttrell came over for a day, from whence I know not, but I thought not from good pastures; at least, he had not his usual soup-and-pattie look. There was a forced smile upon his countenance, which seemed to indicate plain roast and boiled; and a sort of apple-pudding depression, as if he had been staying with a clergyman. * * Luttrell came over for the day; he was very agreeable, but spoke too lightly, I thought, of veal soup. I took him aside, and reasoned the matter with him, but in vain; to speak the truth, Luttrell is not steady in his judgments on dishes. Individual failures with him soon degenerate into generic objections, till, by some fortunate accident, he eats himself into better opinions. A person of more calm reflection thinks not only of what he is consuming at that moment, but of the soups of the same kind he has met with in a long course of dining, and which have gradually and justly elevated the species. I am perhaps making too much of this; but the failures of a man of sense are always painful.

What can be better than the solemn comicality of the above?—Only such a French reminiscence as the following, which, as we have touched gastronomy by chance, we will quote:—

I shall not easily forget a *matelote* at the Rochers de Cancale, an almond tart at Montreuil, or a *poulet à la Tartare* at Grignon's. These are impressions which no changes in future life can obliterate. I am sure they would have sunk deeply into the mind of Lord Grey; I know nobody more attentive to such matters.

The above *dicta* are especially droll as coming from one who preached and practised ta-

ble-temperance and experience as essential to health and light-heartedness. Yet, withal, Sydney was no ascetic. As a table must be spread in every house, he held that to see it well spread was a social duty:—and he suited practice to theory. Living in Yorkshire, as he described himself, "twelve miles from a lemon," he had yet taken thought enough on the matter to render of none avail the providence of "C—, the arch-epicure of the Northern Circuit," who, passing Foxton, and being asked to dine there, conceived it possible that ducks might be in the wind:—

On sitting down to dinner [said Sydney], he turned round to the servant, and desired him to look in his great-coat pocket, and he would find a lemon; "For," he said, "I thought it likely you might have duck and green-peas for dinner, and therefore thought it prudent, at this distance from a town, to provide a lemon." I turned round, and exclaimed indignantly, "Bunch, bring in the lemon-bag!" and Bunch appeared with a bag containing a dozen lemons. He respected us wonderfully after that.

The above are pleasant contributions to Dr. Doran's "Table Traits" when they come to another course. But let us pass to matters less material, though we still keep in sight of diners and those who gave dinners.

Holland House figures in these volumes almost as prominently as does Bowood in the Diaries and Letters of Moore. No record of Whig London society during the past half-century would be complete without honor done to that mansion as a shrine of literary recognition and political influence. Yet, let us ask if the extinction of that shrine—of all similar shrines—be not a sign of the times, betokening health rather than decay? It would be a subject for instructive speculation to examine how much the best of such mansions (supposing it presided over by urbanity without favoritism, and vivacity clear of caprice) gave to the persons frequenting it, in proportion to that which it took from them. We do not here advert to such persons of rank and station as came and went, and fancied that their fiat determined the fate of Scott's new romance, or of "Furniture Hope's tale." The circle which they adorned was possibly the worthiest one of its time,—a Paradise of poetry, of wit and sense compared with the *colerie* of exclusive Fashion which flourished so vigorously during the same period in another London hemisphere. But what did Holland House do for the struggling artist and man of letters? Doubtless, it is well for the obscure, poor man of letters to have the gates of welcome of such palaces thrown open to him—to be "hall-marked" (as silversmiths say) by the approval of the cultivated and refined. To none is the training which good society imparts of more

consequence. But may not this be too dearly bought?—Is it always fairly tendered?—How far must suit and service be demanded in return?—What chance in such an atmosphere have originality and independence, as compared with mediocrity and pliancy?—How shall the nervous avoid being borne down and overawed by the spirit of a circle so authoritative?—How may sincerity assert itself (ever so modestly) among those who believe that they make the “sunshine” and the “latter rain” of a reputation? A house such as Holland House is, we know, reputed to be a wondrous and potent party engine:—but the extent to which Party in turn really serves and benefits the young and lofty and generous persons who matriculate in such a place is questionable,—and we fancy that the suspicious nature of such compacts will reveal itself increasingly as the true purpose of literature is understood by the man of letters. It is no treason to confidence if we say that some Boswell or Burney to come may offer traits and reminiscences of Holland House far different in character and import from those by which a Macaulay, a Talfourd, and (in these letters) a Sydney Smith have successively contributed to historical fame. Even the last-named panegyrist in more than one passage indicates “*ifs*” and “*buts*” analogous to those which we fancy exist in all great houses, ruled by hospitality and imperiousness. In one letter he tells of the “H. H. fever,” meaning by this the fright which must needs be endured by such guests as were sent to sit below the “salt,” and who, however mildly received by my Lord had to endure the

hard questions and two roguish eyes

of My Lady, who was not always a merciful or considerate hostess! A few suggestive “oozings” of like import will be found in these letters of Sydney:—

I am going to dine with the Granvilles, to meet the Hollands. Lady Granville is nervous, on account of her room being lined with Spitalfields silk, which always makes Lady Holland ill; means to pass it off as foreign and smuggled, but has little chance of success.

—And we apprehend that the following refers to the same fair despot:—

— has not yet signified her intentions under the sign manual: but a thousand rumors reach me, and my belief is, she will come. I have spoken to the sheriff, and mentioned it to the magistrates. They have agreed to address her; and she is to be escorted from the station by the yeomanry. The clergy are rather backward; but I think that, after a little bashfulness, they will wait upon her. Brunel, assisted by the ablest philosophers, is to accompany her upon

the railroad; and they have been so good as to say that the steam shall be generated from soft water, with a slight infusion of camomile flowers.

—“Timid Letters” we submit had small chance against such a patroness as this,—who, moreover, had a wondrous memory, and a librarian at her elbow to “refer,” if aught was said that did not please her. Sometimes she met with her match;—there might arrive by chance, guests who, though untitled, were unawed by her splendors; and who could set “My Lady” right as to chapter and verse when even the quotation in debate was a line or two from “Hudibras.” But this was not an everyday piece of good luck. The ordinary tone of the circle was more arbitrary and acquiescent. Here, in proof, is an outbreak, from one of Sydney Smith’s letters to Lady Holland, in which our wit showed impatience of the process by which fame was meted out by the elect:—

I am sorry we cannot agree about Walter Scott. My test of a book written to amuse is amusement; but I am rather rash, and ought not to say *I am amused* before I have inquired whether Sharp or Mackintosh is so. Whishaw’s plan is the best: he gives no opinion for the first week, but confines himself to chuckling and elevating his chin; in the meantime he drives diligently about the first critical stations, breakfasts in Mark Lane, hears from Hertford College, and by Saturday night is as bold as a lion, and as decisive as a court of justice.

—No more committees like these sit on the month’s “number” by Mr. Dickens or Mr. Thackeray, or the Laureate’s last lay, or the oration by which a Layard or a Bright brings down the storm and troubles the waters. We have no more Sydney Smiths, with a few happy hits of sensible nonsense, to settle what the timid or prosaic or self-important took so much time to adjust; but the day of a party autocracy, which gave and withheld diplomas with all the ceremony (and injustice) of some foreign Academy, is past.

Let us now string together some of the honest thoughts and gay fancies with which these pages are crowded, without much attempt at classification of subject:—

A word or two concerning Female Education.—“Ah! what female heart can withstand a red-coat? I think this should be a part of female education; it is much neglected. As you have the rocking-horse to accustom them to ride, I would have military dolls in the nursery, to harden their hearts against officers and red-coats. * * * Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if

she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.

We may follow this by a letter of farewell advice to a young lady, somewhat different in tone to the wisdom of Fordyce and Chapone, but more practical and not less poetical:—

"Lucy, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear your frock; tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius; but write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts; be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest; and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import. And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know in the first sum of yours I ever saw there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do), and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of horrors? You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who never understood arithmetic; by the time you return, I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you; therefore I now give you my parting advice. Don't marry anybody who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year, and God bless you, dear child.

The parting benediction is a coin from the same-mint as, another day, opened itself to another friend of Sydney Smith's about to proceed to foreign parts: "God bless you," said he, warmly, on taking his leave of the traveller, "I have every confidence in your indiscretion." Ere we have done with education let us give Sydney's estimate of "the establishment" suitable for a "scion of the nobility":—

The usual establishment for an eldest landed baby is, two wet nurses, two ditto dry, two aunts, two physicians, two apothecaries; three female friends of the family, unmarried, advanced in life; and often in the nursery, one clergyman, six flat-terers, and a grandpapa! Less than this would not be decent.

The privileges of gout.—I observe that gout loves ancestors and genealogy: it needs five or six generations of gentlemen or noblemen to give it its full vigor. Allen deserves the gout more than Lord Holland. I have seen the latter personage resorting occasionally to plain dishes, but Allen passionately loves complexity and artifice in his food.

Having accidentally stumbled on the name of Lord Holland's librarian, let us extract a letter of Whig prophecy, bearing date New Year's Day, 1813, addressed to that gentleman:—

My dear Allen. * * As to politics, everything is fast setting in for arbitrary power. The

Court will grow bolder; a struggle will commence, and if it ends as I wish, there will be Whigs again, or if not, a Whig will be an animal described in books of natural history, and Lord Grey's bones will be put together and shown by the side of the monument, at the Liverpool Museum. But when these things come to pass, you will no longer be a Warden, but a brown and impalpable powder in the tombs of Dulwich. In the meantime, enough of liberty will remain to make our old age tolerably comfortable; and to our last gasp you will remain in the perennial and pleasing delusion that the Whigs are coming in, and will expire mistaking the officiating clergyman for a king's messenger. But whatever your feelings be on this matter, mine for you will be always those of the most sincere respect and regard.

How to receive criticism.—"As for the *Quarterly Review*, I have not read it, nor shall I, nor ought I—where abuse is intended, not for my correction, but my pain. I am, however, very fair game: if the oxen catch the butcher, they have a right to toss and gore him."

The fling at foreign travel, addressed to Lady Davy, whom the writer wanted back in London, is very droll,—in its turn of phrase almost Walpolian:—

I am astonished that a woman of your sense should yield to such an imposture as the Augsburg Alps; surely you have found out, by this time, that God has made nothing so curious as human creatures. Deucalion and Pyrrha acted with more wisdom than Sir Humphrey and you; for being in the Augsburg Alps, and meeting with a number of specimens, they tossed them over their heads and turned them into men and women. You, on the contrary, are flinging away your animated beings for quartz and feldspar.

The following bit, too, from Sydney's own travelling notes, reminds us of "Strawberry Horace" in its neatness:—

It is curious to see in what little apartments a French *savant* lives; you find him at his books, covered with snuff, with a little dog that bites your legs.

Here are two bits from a letter, announcing another foreign journey to a lady, from whom he asked a *route* to Paris, and help in the matter of providing a travelling attendant to Mrs. Sydney Smith:—

Many thanks. The damsel will not take to the water, but we have found another in the house who has long been accustomed to the water, being no other than our laundry-maid. She had some little dread of a ship, but as I have assured her it is like a tub, she is comforted. * * We have had charming weather; and all who come here, or have been here, have been delighted with our little paradise,—for such it really is; except that there is no serpent, and that we wear clothes.

Something on graver matters ere we conclude. Writing to Lady Ashburton, in 1841, Sydney Smith said:—

I wish you had witnessed, the other day at St. Paul's, my incredible boldness in attacking the Puseyites. I told them that they made the Christian religion a religion of postures and ceremonies, of circumflexions and genuflexions, of garments and vestures, of ostentation and parade; that they took up tithe of mint and cummin, and neglected the weightier matters of the law,—justice, mercy, and the duties of life; and so forth.

It was probably about this time that the Canon of St. Paul's signed a note to some one of the new formulists, whose style or subject-

matter had struck him,—“*Washing Day—eve of Ironing Day.*”

Such extracts and passages as the above, and such reminiscences as they call up, could be drawn out further, were there not a time and a limit for everything. But we must have done—closing our paragraphs with a feeling as if many things had been overlooked. This must be always the case with rich books. There will come annotators, amplifiers, cavers, each of whom will draw out some neglected point into its due light,—or “cap” some recorded saying by some remembered witticism, racier still,—or by qualification call out admirers of Sydney Smith hitherto silent.

THE WEAVER.

BY ALICE CAREY.

He sat all alone in his dark little room;
His fingers were weary of work at the loom;
His eyes could not see the fine threads for the tears,

As he numbered the heavy and comfortless years
He had been a poor weaver.

Not a traveller went in the dusty highway,
But he thought, “He has nothing to do but be gay;”

No matter how burdened or bent he might be,
The weaver believed him more happy than he,
And sighed at his weaving.

He saw not the roses so sweet and so red,
That looked through his window. He thought to be dead,

And carried away from his dark little room,
Wrapt up in the linen he had in his loom,
Were better than weaving.

His head on his bosom all heavily hung,
The treddle forgotten, the shuttle unswung;
The window grows gloomy; a raven is there;
In his mouth a bright curl of the long golden hair
Of his dear little daughter.

He knows 'tis the angels have sent him a sign;
He feels he has sinned against goodness divine;
And cries: “My lost darling, awake! O awake!
I never will weary to weave, for your sake,
From year's end to year's end.”

The night had come down in his low little room,
When the weaver awoke from his dream at the loom,

And saw by the shining head close at his knee,
That heaven was near him as heaven can be
To a soul that is mortal.

He wound the fine thread on the shuttle anew—
(At thought of his blessings 'twas easy to do,)

And sung as he wove, for the joy in his breast
“All peace is in striving; and labor is rest;”—
Grown wise was the weaver.

LORD RAGLAN VISITING FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE ON THE GENOISE HEIGHTS, BALAKLAVA, MAY 23.

Upon yon crag where towers the castle high
O'er sea and harbor, dark against the sky,
Or sunset's beams, or moonlight's paler ray,
Where booms the cannon,* dashes high the spray

On that wild terrace beetling o'er the main
Where rose the shrieks of Britain's shipwrecked slain,†

What pine-built hovels stand? The soldier's home

Sent by his Queen; 'tis there the wounded come—

And who is with them? She who came to save,
But prostrate now, needing the aid she gave,
The maiden leech, the mother of the brave.

Who is it, in plain garb, who asks to see
Her whom he honors, fevered tho' she be?
Denied all entrance by the kindly nurse,
“It may not be, e'en for himself 'twere worse,”
Whose is the armless sleeve? whose gray head bends,

O'er that rude couch? whose gallant hand extends

To the “first Sister?” There a Father stands,
He begged for entrance, who a host commands.
Not Israel's judge, not Sparta's hero-king,
Whom priests record and classic poets sing,
Breathed o'er the self-devoted such a prayer,
As rose to Heaven from that old Chieftain there.
'Twas heard, and Florence lives. * * *

Examiner.

A. X.

* The firing of the guns in the trenches is distinctly heard day and night on the heights six miles distant.

† The Prince and other ships were wrecked at the base of the Castle rock.

From Chambers's Journal.

CHARLES KINGSLEY AS A LYRIC POET.

Few readers acquainted with the prose-writings of Mr. Kingsley can be ignorant of the fact, that he is a true poet. The stream of his prose continually reveals the golden sand of poetry sparkling through it. In his pictures, taken from the many-colored landscape of life, and in his transcripts of natural scenery, we feel that he has selected with the poet's eye, and painted with the hand of a poetic artist. But it is not as a writer of poetry in prose we purpose speaking of him now, so much as a writer of poems—in fact, as a lyric poet. The *Saint's Tragedy*, which was Mr. Kingsley's first literary work, contained great poetic promise, both dramatic and lyric. It evinced a subtle knowledge of human emotion especially of the mental workings and heart-burnings of humanity, wrestling with the views inculcated by Catholic ascetics. In addition to its dramatic interest and truthful delineation of character, there were scattered throughout it some drops of song, which, minute as they were, seemed to us to mirror the broad, deep nature of a lyric poet, even as the dew-drops reflect the over-arching span of the broad, deep sky. In his prose works, Mr. Kingsley has also printed several fine lyrics, the beauty and strength of which have been the subject of almost universal remark. *Alton Locke* contains a ballad, *Mary, go and call the Cattle Home*, which is akin in its simplicity to those old Scotch ballads that melt us into tears with their thrilling, wild-wailing music. In *Yeast* appeared the *Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter*. It is the cry of a poacher's widow, the passionate protest of a broken heart against the game-laws—poured forth to the great silence of midnight as she is sitting near the spot where her husband was killed. It is distinguished by intensity of feeling, and a Dantean distinctness, not frequently met with in the sophistication of modern poetry. Few that have read it will ever forget it. The lyrics we have mentioned are probably all the reader will have seen of Mr. Kingsley as a lyric poet: other pieces, however, have appeared in print. The chief of these were published in the *Christian Socialist*, a journal started by the promoters of Working-Men's Associations some few years since, which had but a small circulation and a brief existence. It is from these we select most of our specimens of our author's lyrical genius, although not all of them.

Mr. Kingsley is the descendant of a family of fervent Puritans, and the spirit which lived in them still flashes out: the hot, earnest life which beat so impetuously beneath the armor

of the Ironsides, still throbs in his writings. For example, here is a lyric worthy to have been chanted by a company of the Puritan soldiers the night before a battle, and their loftiest feelings might have found in it fitting utterance:—

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

The Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand,
Its storms roll up the sky.
A nation sleeps starving on heaps of gold,
All dreamers toss and sigh.
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the day is darkest before the morn
Of the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
Chivalry, Justice, and Truth;
Come, for the Earth is grown coward and old—
Come down and renew us her youth.
Freedom, Self-sacrifice, Mercy, and Love,
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above
To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—
Famine, and Plague, and War;
Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,
Gather, and fall in the snare.
Hirelings and Mammonites, Pedants and Knaves,
Crawl to the battle-field—sneak to your graves
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer, can dare.
Each past age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern words to do

In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Is this not grand writing? The martial swing and the religious soaring of it make the soul rock to its rhythm.

The next quotation will illustrate how perfect is Mr. Kingsley's mastery over the lyric as a form of expression, and with what consummate ease he has put a tragedy into three stanzas.

THE THREE FISHERMEN.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,

And the rack it came rolling up ragged and brown!
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are watching and wringing their hands,

For those who will never come back to the town;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
 And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

This is a true ballad. It is clearly conceived, clearly finished, simply worded, and it contains neither metaphor nor conceit. These two lyrics alone will amply shew that their author possesses the fire and force, the cunning art and the beauty of expression, of a lyrical master—in addition to which qualities, his Muse has at times a wondrous witchery and most subtle grace. Some of his dainty little lints of song are so full of melody, they sing of themselves, which is the rarest of all lyrical attributes. They remind us of the sweet things done by the old dramatists, when they have dallied with airy fancies in a lyrical mood. Here is one:—

SONG.

There sits a bird on every tree,
 With a heigh-ho!
 There sits a bird on every tree,
 Sings to his love as I to thee;
 With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
 Young maids must marry.

There blooms a flower on every bough,
 With a heigh-ho!
 There blooms a flower on every bough,
 Its gay leaves kiss—I'll show you how:
 With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
 Young maids must marry.

The sun's a groom, the earth's a bride,
 With a heigh-ho!
 The sun's a groom, the earth's a bride,
 The earth shall pass—but love abide,
 With a heigh-ho, and a heigh-ho!
 Young maids must marry.

We conclude our quotations with a brief strain of pathetic minor music, so like the tenderness of some Scottish music, which must have been struck out of the strong national heart, like waters out of the smitten rock, through rent and fissure. These eight lines bring out another quality of the lyric poet—that of suggestiveness—the power to convey

a double meaning—to make a sigh or a sob speak more than words—to hint more than can be uttered—to express the inexpressible by veiling the mortal features, as did the old Greek artist:—

The merry, merry lark was up and singing,
 And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
 And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
 When my child's laugh rang through me.
 Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-yard,
 And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,
 And my baby in his cradle in the church-yard,
 Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

If these specimens are not sufficient to prove that a powerful lyricist is among us, we do not know what evidence would be necessary. "Tell Mr. Kingsley to leave novels, and write nothing but lyrics," said one of our greatest living writers to us the other day, when we showed him some of these songs. Often has the distinguished Chevalier Bunsen, in speaking of the song-literature of Germany and its influence on the people, urged Mr. Kingsley to devote his powers to becoming a Poet for the People, and a writer of songs to be sung by them. England has no Burns, no Béranger, not even a Moore: she waits for her national lyricist. Although not as yet, perhaps, thoroughly tried, we know no man who appears to be so fittingly endowed to ascend into this sphere of song, that is dark and silent, awaiting his advent, as Mr. Kingsley. He is an intense man, large in heart and brain, a passionate worshipper of truth and beauty. His heart has a twin-pulse beating with that of the people; his song has a direct heart-homeness, and is that of a singer born. The verses we have given, be it remembered, do not constitute the choicest picked from a larger quantity: they are the most of what we have seen, and are taken as they came. We claim for them the rare merit of originality: there is no echo of an imitation, no reverberation of an echo. The melody has a bird-like spontaneity. It will be found that each repetition serves to increase their beauty. Observe, too, how essential everything is that belongs to them: there is nothing accidental. Mr. Kingsley has the self-denial to reject all that is superfluous in thought or word, which is a most rare virtue in a young poet, and without it no one can ever become a writer of national songs. He has also acquired the young writer's last attained grace, simplicity. Many of our young writers seek to clothe their thoughts all in purple words, thinking thus to become poets. A man might just as well think of becoming king by putting on the royal purple.

From The Examiner, 16 June.

NOW OR NEVER.

"WHILST thanking the plenipotentiaries for having assembled at his invitation to bring the conferences to a suitable conclusion, he declares that Austria has no further proposition to make; but that she will, nevertheless, be always ready—to transmit to the belligerent powers the overtures which one or the other of them might have occasion to address to him."—*Count Buol's Speech at the Final Conference of the 4th June, 1855.*

So bursts the Austrian bubble—ending as we have all along foretold. And very fitly does it end with the dispersion of the other bubble it sprang from—the persuasion that England and France of themselves were not strong enough to bring Russia to reason. On this the Aberdeen policy entirely turned. A belief that German co-operation was indispensable to success, and not any faith in the justice of the war, sustained it; and its principal representatives have signalized their continued belief in the necessity of such help by declaring, as soon as it became hopeless, for an abandonment of the war.

Now there is nothing so certain as that the present war should not only not be prosecuted, but should never have been entered upon, if that reasoning were correct. If England and France were so weak against Russia that the only hope of humbling the Czar lay in alliance with Austria, the existing condition of the latter empire should also have made it plain that Russia had but to concede those points that immediately interested her in any material sense, to withdraw her at once from such a league. And this is what with perfect success the Czar has done. He gave up the Danube and the Principalities, and forthwith Austria sheathed the sword. Worse dangers lie at a little distance, but what is nearest touches us most. Little does it matter to Austria, neighbored by Hungary and Italy, that the Czar should still menace Constantinople and Asia Minor, the eastern portion of the Mediterranean, or the whole East itself.

But the result of such a war policy on the part of France and England, carried so far and then abandoned, would have been a practical guarantee to Russia against any future hostile demonstration. After such an effort, to recede with all the objects of the war unaccomplished would have confessed them simply unattainable. The Black Sea, from that hour, might be treated as a Russian pond, and Turkey and Persia as mere annexes to be swallowed up as Russia advanced.

No truth can be plainer than that if Russia is ever to be resisted, ever to be enclosed within normal limits, it is to be done now. Concluding the war as Count Buol and Mr. Gladstone proposed to conclude it at Vienna,

would have barred all reasonable chance of any future effort as great (however great the necessity) as that in which France and England are now engaged. The combination of circumstances, position of countries, peculiar character of sovereigns, which have brought about the Anglo-French alliance, may not again occur for centuries. If so rare a result be not seized and applied to the great purpose for which it might seem to have been providentially designed, then England will have lost her opportunity, and abdicated her supremacy. She will hereafter have to contend for Asia, and for her existence in Asia against Russia, and the very gravity of that struggle will leave her powerless against other and nearer dangers.

For England it is a question, then, of *now or never*. It is not less indispensable for our own security than for the independence of Europe to convince Russia that she is not invulnerable, and that on her own coasts she can be overmatched and conquered. Already the work is well in hand. Austria, it is true, that faithful ally-to-a-certain-extent, by kindly reducing its army and proclaiming its neutrality, allows our enemy to send every disposable man against us. But we are masters of her old communication by the Sea of Azoff; we shall soon be able to disturb, if not entirely cut off, her communication by Perekop; and with 200,000 of the allied forces in the Crimea, she will be utterly unable to feed (even if she can get out of hospital) the numbers necessary to oppose them. Already we have recovered the superiority in the field which we incontestably proved at the Alma and at Inkermann. In short, all present opportunities are with the allies, and a fairer chance of conquest was never offered to brave men than the Crimea now presents. Since it is inconsistent with Russian greatness to limit the number of its ships, let the answer be to deprive it of the power of keeping ships at all. Let the Crimea be taken and retained. The French at Sebastopol, we in the peninsula of Kertch, the old Tartar princes reigning in their old capital of Bakshi-Serai, will sufficiently declare to the world which is finally to predominate, the civilization of the west or the barbarism of the east.

In thus proposing to contract the territories of Russia, no question of honor or dishonor to her is involved. Fairly might such language be employed in dealing with an ancient power that had long attained its natural limits, and to some degree rendered even its outlying provinces its own by centuries of care and assimilation. But the regions which form the southern portion of the Russian Empire are but the fruits of yesterday's rapine. In some instances they outstep any natural frontier to which the most gigantic empire might lay

claim. There was not a government in Europe which did not feel, as Lord Aberdeen himself has forcibly expressed, that the new territories and advantages grasped so late as 1829 were incompatible with the independence of Turkey and the peace of the world. We could not then recur to war to remedy the crying evil, but now, when war has been forced upon us by further encroachments, shall we not set right in 1855 that which was so universally declared to be a wrong and a peril to Europe in 1829? We have insisted upon the necessity of annulling treaties, and why not annul also, if we are able, the territorial demarcation of those treaties? The best guarantee against renewed aggression is to wrest from Russia those countries which she invariably uses as instruments of aggression—her *places d'armes* prepared for making sorties as well against the West as against the South. We can only do it by defeating Russia. No doubt of it. But without defeating Russia we cannot defend Turkey or Asia. Success in this war is matter of vital moment to England and to France, for if they fail of it they sink to weakness in the east of Europe; but failure to Russia implies no corresponding humiliation. The dishonor to her is in the attempted aggression, not in being beaten back from it. The check we would now administer may even prove to be a wholesome one, for she is little likely to enter upon any true path of civil improvement or internal prosperity until she is compelled to admit that her empire is large enough, and must, like that of other powers, be held to have reached its normal limits.

The events of the war bring such questions near. The last advantages gained before that portion of Sebastopol in which the arsenal is situated are almost decisive. Not only has the Mamelon with upwards of 60 guns, commanding all the defences, been carried, but other batteries which touch the waters of Careening Bay have been also taken. These command the northern entrance to Sebastopol which crosses those waters, and the necessity of closing which we pointed out last week. The great mistake committed by General Canrobert is now become plain enough. By confining his operations to the town, he permitted the Russians to concentrate almost all their force within its walls, and hence their obstinate resistance. On the other hand General Pelissier has taken up a position beyond the Tchernaya, menaces Inkermann and Bakshi Serai, and compels the Russian General to keep an army in the field to oppose him. From what was learned in the late reconnaissance he is reported to have not less than 100,000 men among those hills. And thus, without counting more frightful reductions by typhus fever in the hospitals, the garrison of Sebastopol has been of late so much thinned as to bring the

French and English, in their attacks on the Mamelon and the Quarries, face to face with no more than a fair proportion of enemies.

The occupation of Kertch makes another draught on the Russian forces, and now that Anapa is evacuated the allied troops can march westward to attack Arabat by land as well as sea, and perhaps take possession of Kaffia. From Kaffia to Simpheropol is a distance of hardly seventy miles, by a good road north of the mountains, and presenting few natural impediments to the advance of an army. The troops of General Brown can be increased in any proportion within a very few hours, and whether they march upon Simpheropol, or merely threaten it, the Russians must keep a very considerable force in that position. All these are advantages quite as great as the destruction of magazines and the interruption of supplies. The allied commanders can now prevent the enemy from concentrating an overwhelming force in any one position, whether within the town, at Inkermann, or in the east of the Crimea. This gives them choice and opportunities of attack, which hitherto they did not enjoy, and the decisive moment is very probably near at hand.

From the Examiner, 16 June.

AUSTRIAN ATROCITIES.

How happens it that Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, who profess to feel such deep interest in the Christian inhabitants of Turkey, do not draw the attention of the House of Commons to the atrocities committed by the Austrian troops on the population of Wallachia and Moldavia? Only a few days ago there appeared an official report on this subject from Mr. Doria, who is attached to the English Embassy at Constantinople. This gentleman had been sent into the Principalities for the purpose of investigating the truth of the complaints, made by the Moldo-Wallachians to the Turkish Government, against the conduct of the Austrian army of occupation; and his statement fully confirms the accounts published by the *Times* of the brutalities committed by our German ally-to-a-certain-extent upon the people whom he professes to protect. We now extract a letter which appeared in the *Daily News* of Thursday, giving the history of new excesses committed by troops of his Apostolic Majesty.

Bucharest, May 24th.

The Austrians appeared to temper their brutality for a short time after the proclamation of martial law in the Principalities—doubtless to assuage the irritation caused by this law, which holds death in suspense over all our heads. How ever, after the lapse of eight short days, they have recommenced their brigandage and assassinations with more audacity than ever. I confine myself to a notice of their assassina-

tions in this town of Bucharest only, in the course of yesterday and the day before, to give you some idea of their proceedings. *The day before yesterday they murdered a (male) cook and the son of priest Nedeles of the parish of Batishete. The same day four other persons were killed by them at the fair of Moschi, outside the gates of the town. Yesterday another murder was committed at the barrière of Tesana.* The Austrian Government would seem to regard these crimes as merely a guarantee for the preservation of "law and order," which it affects to re-establish in the Principalities; for the only punishment inflicted on the guilty is to send them back to Austria to serve in other regiments. *Count Coronini lately caused twenty unoffending Hungarians, who believed themselves in security here, to be loaded with chains and conducted into the Austrian states. One of them—an artist, a painter—died of the torture in this town.* A few days ago the Austrians burned and destroyed, in the garden of Sconfa—before the *barrières* of Bucharest—several thousand muskets, which had been taken from the rural population, and deposited in one of the magazines of the capital. Thus Austria is permitted to destroy the arms of a people ardently desirous to fight against Russia on the side of the allies, and to replace them by her own bayonets, which, in the Principalities, have hitherto only served to protect the Russians towards the Pruth, and which may soon, perhaps, be turned against Turkey and the allies.

Let us hope that the eyes of those statesmen who have hitherto placed entire reliance on the honor of Austria are beginning to be opened at last. Let us doubt whether even Lord Westmoreland can longer dissemble to himself that he has been duped and cajoled by his friend Count Buol and the Cabinet of Vienna, or fail now to reflect without some bitterness on the unseemly alacrity with which he attended the banquet given by Prince Schwarzenberg in honor of Lord Palmerston's dismissal from office, at a time when Lord Palmerston was supposed to place not quite such implicit confidence in the statements and designs of the Austrian Government as Lord Aberdeen and Lord Malmesbury.

But, whatever may be the case with these great luminaries of diplomacy, it is evident that the faith of the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* has received a shock from which it will not easily recover.

The object of Austria has been, by warlike demonstrations, to obtain from Russia the terms which she considers most conducive to her interests, and the St. Petersburg cabinet, in order to keep her quiet, has yielded to her demands. By maintaining a certain independence of action, Austria also expected to be able to exercise a direct influence on the policy of the Western Powers, but her assistance was not indispensably necessary, as has recently been most satisfactorily proved, and consequently England and France refused to accept terms which, however agreeable

to Austria, would have been both unsatisfactory and humiliating for the Western Powers. *The fact is that Austria is jealous of the influence of the Western Powers at Constantinople, and the real motive for her occupation of the Principalities was to obtain a material guarantee as well against England and France, as against Russia.* When the armies of the two last mentioned Powers quit the Turkish and Russian territories in the Black Sea, Austria will also withdraw her army of occupation from Moldavia and Wallachia, but certainly not before.

So that while we congratulated ourselves on having got the Russians out of the Principalities, we have by a most unaccountable blunder permitted the Austrians to occupy their place. Our diplomatists believed that by allowing her to take possession of this much coveted territory, we should secure the co-operation of that army of 550,000 men of which we have heard so much. But Austria, having gained her point, quietly disbands the forces with the enrolment of which the ingenuous believers in her good faith were so much enchanted; and the English commissaries who have been waiting for months at Vienna expecting orders to repair to Austrian head-quarters, are now quietly told that they cannot accompany the Emperor on his tour of inspection, because he will travel too rapidly! A faint attempt is made to defend the policy of permitting Austria to occupy the Principalities on the ground that she protects Constantinople from the danger of a Russian invasion—as if Russia, who cannot defend even Taganrog or Anapa, had not her hands much too full in the Crimea to attempt a march over the Balkan, leaving Silistria in her rear, and without the assistance of a single ship in the Euxine. Nothing could have been more conducive to the speedy destruction of a Russian army than that it should have undertaken so mad an expedition. The security afforded by the Austrian occupation is therefore imaginary.

We regret to perceive, in a letter from the Constantinople correspondent of the *Times*, an attack upon the Turkish Government, in particular on Reschid Pasha, because, "instead of conciliating the affections and securing the attachment of the Danubian Principalities, and opposing to Russian influence and intrigue salutary institutions, immunities, and national improvements, those populations were handed over to the slovenly authority of their governors, or abandoned to the seduction of Russian agents." But in point of fact the Turkish Government was powerless in the matter. As we have frequently pointed out, Russia constantly kept a large armed force on the Pruth, ready to invade the Principalities at a moment's warning. If the Porte had in any way endeavored to regulate the internal affairs of the Principalities, Russia would have termed

it a breach of the treaties between the Porte and herself, and interfered under her title of protectress. Lord Aberdeen, the thoroughly safe Foreign Minister, had openly declared that Russia was the best interpreter of those treaties, and that other Powers had nothing to do with them; the English House of Commons cared little about questions affecting such distant countries; the peace party would have cried out that the English Government was always meddling in matters which did not concern it, if it had afforded any support to the Turkish reformers; and Russia would have had her own way.

Equally unreasonable are the complaints of the same correspondent against the Turkish police in Constantinople. He asserts that the streets of that city are not safe after nightfall, meaning, we have no doubt, the streets of Pera. But by various treaties, European powers, England among the rest, claim an exclusive jurisdiction over their subjects in Turkey, a jurisdiction the due exercise of which they scandalously neglect. Pera is a sort of *refugium peccatorum* for Ionian Greeks and Maltese, who cannot be touched by the Turkish authorities, because they are under protection of the Queen of Great Britain. In Constantinople itself, which is exclusively inhabited by Turks, as in other Turkish towns, robbery is almost unknown. But the streets of

Pera, on the other side of the Golden Horn, are the frequent scenes of robbery, and even assassination, because the power of the English consul is wholly unequal to control the felonious population, the very scum of Christendom, who are subject to his authority. It is rather hard upon the Turks that they should be charged with backwardness in civilization, for crimes committed by the fellow subjects of those enlightened Europeans who dogmatically pronounce respecting the state of the whole Turkish empire on the strength of a survey carried on from the windows of Pera. It should be remembered that in that barbarous country *drunkenness*, the great incentive to crime in the civilized west, is almost unknown, and that the legislation of Maine was long preceded by that of Mohammed. We regret still to perceive, what we have already had occasion to point out a want of elementary information respecting Turkey in the letters of this gentleman. It really is a matter of the highest public importance that the correspondents of our leading journals should possess some preliminary acquaintance with the laws and habits of the countries to which they are accredited, otherwise we shall soon be able to trust as little to their letters as to the despatches of our ambassadors and secretaries of legation.

PSYCHE'S STUDY.

The low sun smote the topmost rocks,
Ascending o'er the eastern sea:
Backward my Psyche waved her locks,
And held her book upon her knee.

No brake was near, no flower, no bird,
No music but the ocean wave,
That with complacent murmur stirr'd
The echoes of a neighboring cave.

Absorb'd my Psyche sat, her face
Reflecting Plato's sunlike soul;
And seem'd in every word to trace
The pent-up spirit of the whole.

Absorb'd she sat in breathless mood,
Unmoved as kneeler at a shrine,
Save one slight figure that pursued
The meaning on from line to line.

As some white flower in forest nook
Bends o'er its own face in a well;
So seem'd the virgin in that book,
Her soul, unread before, to spell.

Sudden a crimsoned butterfly
On that illuminated page alit;

My Psyche flung the volume by,
And, sister-like, gave chase to it.
De Vere.

THE SWEET BRIER.

OUR sweet autumnal western-scented wind
Robs of its odors none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it left behind,
As that the sweet briar yields; and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
One half so lovely; yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's
door.

Such are the simple folks it dwells among;
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate;
Its sweetness all is of my native land;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Buy from the odors of the spicy East.
You love your flowers and plants, and will you
hate

The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
The freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest!

Brainard.